THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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STONE, NOT BREAD.

Such, According to the Leading Irish Daily Journal, is What Mr. Gladstone's "Amended" Home Rule Bill Gives Ireland.

The Financial Provisions Will Not Alone Make Her a Pauper, But Also a Scarecrow Among the Nations.

[*Irish Daily Independent.*]

Mr. Chamberlain, if only out of deference to his American relatives-in-law, should endeavor to cultivate the faculty of truth-telling when he makes reference to American affairs. In the debate on the new financial clauses of the bill for the Better Government of Ireland he assailed ministers for having given to Ireland some petty surplus wherewith to carry on the administration of law and order. "Why," he asked "should we give Ireland those advantages—undefined—to our own risk and disadvantage, and at the same time find her with pocket money? What precedent is there for such a course? When the United States won their independence did the British taxpayer provide the federal government with a surplus?" May we ask Mr. Chamberlain if the United States paid the bulk of their revenue to the credit of the British taxpayers' account? This is not a question of national independence that is being fought out within very narrow limits, in the house of commons. It is merely a a problem of fiscal arrangements—a most important matter for the poorer country and of comparatively minor significance to the more wealthy and predominant power. Directly or indirectly, as Mr. Chamberlain well knows, Ireland will continue to pay heavy tribute to her master.

If Ireland could win her independence as the United States won their freedom, despite the Chamberlains of the time, we would have our own surplus—one sevenfold as great as anything that Mr. Gladstone in his bounty has been good enough to offer us. The purpose of Mr. Chamberlain is quite plain. He would like to see in Ireland a home rule government which would not have command of a penny of Irish revenue for any useful purpose whatever. His insensate hatred of Ireland, and of all things Irish, carries him to the extent of wishing that this country should be crippled for ever, and reduced to the condition of bankruptcy. Irish Tories may deem that a most desirable consummation of British rule, and may give expression to their views in that sense. We must be pardoned if we do not share their fantasies or sympathize with their follies. Mr. Chamberlain could not speak even upon a dry question of finance without being offensive in speech to the Irish people, and betraying himself malevolent indisposition towards all Irish interests. He speaks of the military and naval expenditure necessary to defend us against foreign nations! In case of war the British navy would not be much concerned about our defense, nor would the Horse Guards trouble much about the fate of Ireland so long as the soil of Britain was defended.

But Mr. Chamberlain would have us pay as if the army and navy existed mainly to protect Irish homesteads—such of them as Balfour's battering-ram did not level, with Mr. Chamberlain's compliments. Mr. John Redmond, who spoke late in the debate, answered the member for Birmingham completely when he pointed out that there was no analogy whatever between the cases of Greece and the Transvaal and that of Ireland. Give Irishmen the chance of working out their own destiny which was given to Greece and we shall ask no more—not even restitution for all that has been stolen from us. But to fix an arbitrary sum payable by Ireland as tribute to England is a monstrous tyranny. It is admitted that the experts are all at sea concerning the contribution which this country pays, or should pay, to the imperial exchequer. Why, pending investigation, a limit should be summarily defined, is more than we can understand. That the new arrangement would tell against Ireland if brought into force we know. Mr. Redmond laid stress upon the fact that at the very outset the Irish exchequer would be burthened with the enormous cost of pensioning off the Irish civil servants and the police who desired to retire. The government have actually given every inducement that they could venture to offer—at the expense, be it known, of the Irish exchequer—to those who wish to work no more, but prefer to live in happy idleness at the expense of the community.

At the same time they have prevented the Irish government from raising or administering taxes. What is to be thought or said of the statesmen who devise such schemes for the deception of a too-easily deluded nation? How should Irishmen judge politicians who profess to regard such proposals as satisfactory, honorable and advantageous to the country? The new financial clauses of the government bill make it worse than it was. Apart altogether from questions of sentiment, a measure of local government which imposes burthens and actually precludes the community from raising its own taxes to meet them, which forbids the collection of any revenue that is not sanctioned and administered, in effect, by Englishmen and Scotchmen, and which for six years reduces us to the position of a tributary province, is not the Home Rule that patriotic and practical minded Irishmen have desired and worked for. What good can an Irish legislature, thus restricted from doing anything save wasting time, bring to Ireland? That is the question which we would like the Whigs, who are entirely responsible for this betrayal of Ireland, to answer as best they can. They were to make a perfect Home Rule certain, and Ireland was to be "great, glorious and free," and all the rest of it—if only Parnell were slain to glut the hatred of his foes. And now we see what their Home Rule is like. Do Irishmen approve of it? Why, the rules of the casual ward in any workhouse are more generous than the system of treatment designed for Ireland under the auspices of the glorious Mr. Gladstone and the munificent Mr. Morley. We are no longer concerned with Ireland a nation, if we may judge from the conduct of the majority of the Irish members—the Whigs; the question is whether Ireland shall be financially a pauper or, something worse, a veritable scarecrow among the nations.

O'CAROLAN THE BLIND.

[*For The Citizen.*]

As children we learned to read and admire Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Nothing can be more beautifully touching than the picture he presents to us of a poor harper wandering up and down the historic places in Scotland with

"The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Carried by an orphan boy."

He contrasts this picture of utter abandonment with the earlier and happier days of the bard when

"On palfry borne,
He carol'd light as lark at morn,
And lingered, courted and cares'd
High placed in hall, a welcome guest."

All this glory passes away, and the old man stands alone in the world—

"His tuneful brethern all were dead;
And he neglected and oppress'd
Wished to be with them and at rest."

While generous sympathy was felt for the poor Scottish bard, how much was given to the bards of our own land? None. The text books of the miscalled "National Schools," carefully and systematically avoided any mention of them. We could learn anything "from Dan to Beersheba," save and except the poetry, history and literature of our own land. Why was this? Seven hundred years of war had failed; confiscation over and over had failed; the Penal laws had partly failed. Everything that could win or force Ireland from her grand struggle for freedom was tried and failed, until at last our masters bethought them of educating us after their own fashion. Like sickly infants, we turned from a healthy breast, and accepted of the condensed milk and literary paregoric which our kind old stepmother gave us. We have been very obedient children, and took to the nursing bottle with small coaxing. We agitate now, "that's the proper caper," and suited to the milk and water way in which we have been educated. When Ireland spoke her own tongue, she made war upon her old enemy, and smote her whenever the chance offered, for her language is the speech of the freeman and pines in bondage. Of course it was very inconvenient to be whipping and fighting our nurse, so she spoke her own tongue to us, and we became as mute as mice; and, I may add, as poor also, not alone in a material sense but in one far higher and grander—a literary one. Young Irishmen, while you admire the literay giants of other lands, have you no place in your memory for those of your own? The gold mine, so to speak, lies at your own door, and are you too lazy or indifferent to examine it? You need not travel to Scotland to find a "last minstrel." Let your mind revert to Ireland, as she was not quite three hundred years ago, a period not much more remote than that which Scott places his last minstrel at. We had our harpers then, and they were honored and revered, and welcomed at the tables of the highest. The Penal laws at last came upon the land, as the plagues settled over Egypt long ago, and the way of the harper was a sad one. He was specially marked out for persecution. The statute books designated him "a rogue and rhyming vagabond." Had Thomas Moore or Lord Byron lived in those awful times they, too, would have been "rogues and rhyming vagabonds." Indeed, a hundred years before the period we write of, Spenser—the gentle Edmond—God bless the mark—himself a poet, recommended as a cure for some of Ireland's miseries the wholesale slaughter of the bards. Why? Because their passionate strains kept Ireland's heart lifted up. Let us take O'Carolan from among that body of "rogues and vagabonds." Father Burke says of him that he closes the line of really national poets. Of course all his works are in the Irish language, for he despised the language of the Saxon churl. From an early age he was stone blind, and was led about the country from place to place. Years ago, when a child, I saw in Dublin, a picture of the blind poet, and the impression it then made upon me remains upon me yet. A handsome, sad countenance, a shapely head and forehead from which the hair was well pushed back, the sightless eyeballs looking upward, as it were, one hand resting upo the frame of his harp, and the other sweeping the strings—such was the picture. Abler pens did that almost a century ago. All I desire is to call your attention to a little of what he has done Give him at least the same attention you gave the Scotch bard. As to his musical compositions, his concertoes, as they are called, they possess all that winning, plaintive melody and tenderness, so peculiar to Irish music. His poetical compositions place him far up on the list of poets. Who can read his "Molly A Sthor" without being struck with the purity of his love and the simplicity of his heart?

"The cuckoo's notes I love to hear
When summer warms the skies;
When fresh the banks and brakes appear,
And flowers around us rise.
That blithe bird sings her song so clear,
And she sings where the sunbeams shine.
Her voice is sweet—but, Mary, dear,
Not half so sweet as thine."

And this is the man that English writers, and Irishmen who wrote for England, would have us believe was a drunken profligate!

Many of his compositions have been translated into English. They have not been benefitted by the change, but enough of their beauty is shown which gives us an idea of what the Irish language is capable of for richness of imagery and purity of expression. Hardiman's translations are considered the best; and if you are unable to purchase them, you can, I think, obtain them in any first-class library. I do not appeal to the vulgar-minded. The production of the low concert hall or variety stage is best suited to their intelligence. The coarse jests of Pat Rooney would win their applause, when the brilliant wit of a Sheridan or a Whately would scarcely be noticed. To the vigorous, healthy-minded young Irishman I address myself. Give your spare time to Ireland—to her music, her poetry, her literature, her history. Then you will begin to love her. She is worthy of your love. She has been the fruitful mother of genius, and the wide world has availed itself of it. Think of the Ireland that was before the awful Penal laws had left their terrible impress upon our national character. Be generous to our old bards, our "last minstrels." They worked silently,

"And gleaned each grey legend
That darkly was sleeping,
Where the mist and the rain
O'er its beauty was creeping."

They did not sing for themselves, nor did they bask in courtly sunshine. Poets who prostituted their talents have been called laureates, and crowned with laurels—our own bards who sang for Ireland alone, the only queen they knew, were crowned with felons' caps. Indeed, the time came when the silence of the grave was all they asked—

"They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of the water."

Nearly three quarters of a century ago there appeared in a Dublin journal an address to "O'Carolan's Harp," and I wish to bring this somewhat disjointed article to a close by inserting it here. Much has been done in this city to revive Ireland's beautiful tongue, and her matchless poetry and music. These objects are worthy of our best efforts, and the promoters worthy of our warmest thanks. Remember, that nothing holds a people together like their own tongue. "Nations perish with their language."

"The Russian Czar ne'er felt secure
O'er Poland's prostrate frame,
Until he trampled from her heart
The tongue that bore her name!"

Harp so loved in days of old,
Unhonored now—
The hand that swept thy strings is cold
And tuneless thou.
Tho' oft when other sounds are still
In evening gray
The peasant carols on the hill
Thy plaintive lay!
But never more those cords of thine
Shall vibrate there—
No more with silvery splendor shine
Thro' evening air;
Nor maiden watch the minstrel pace
His honored path—
Who looks for him—alas! must trace
The tomb-crowned rath!
By Lough Gur's waters lone and low
The minstrel's laid,
Where mouldering cloisters dimly throw
Sepulchral shade;
Where clustering ivy darkly weeps
Upon his bed,
To blot the legend where he sleeps
The tuneful dead!
And fallen are the towers of time
In dust and lone
Where the ringing of his fairy chime
So well was known,
Where song was sweet and mirth was high
And beauty smiled—
Thro' roofless halls the night winds sigh
The owl shrieks wild!
The towers are fallen, and where are they
Who met of yore
To listen to the minstrel's lay
Or knightly lore?
The castle lifts its broken pile
In silent air,
And answers with a gloomy smile,
That such thing were!
Still cherished lives to distant years
The minstrel's name.
An honor'd relic still appears
The Clairsech's frame—
Tho' in the shroud of ruin it lie
By time unstrung,
Its soul of music may not die—
The strains it sung.

T. J. F.

Attended High Mass.

A party numbering over thirty from Donegal Castle and the Irish Village attended high mass last Sunday at the Church of the Holy Family, by invitation of the Rev. Father Fitzgerald. The sermon was preached by Father Blackmore, who took for his subject St. Ignatius of Toyola. After mass Father Fitzgerald received the party in St. Ignatius college, and each member of the Village was presented to him by Mrs. Ernest Hart, who told him whence they came and their place in the Irish settlement in the Plaisance.

LITERARY IRELAND.

Healthy Revival of the Irish Literary Movement, Too Long Suspended by the Death of Thomas Davis, and the Defeat of Young Ireland.

Charles Gavan Duffy and Other Distinguished Irish Litterateurs, at the Head of the Movement—A New Irish National Library.

[*M. J. Murphy in Catholic Union and Times.*]

There is no civilized race on the face of the globe so ignorant of its country's history as the Irish. The Englishman has been taught all the most important events which have transpired within his native boundary since its earliest settlement; he has the historical novel with which to educate the masses who cannot be interested in the ordinary way and the great plays of Shakespeare have fulfilled the same mission in every clime where dramatic art is loved and respected. The tragic events of Scotland are vividly portrayed in the novels of Scott, Porter and others, while the great minds of France have found the many dramatic episodes of her history fitting material to interest not only their kindred, but the entire world.

Is it not a strange fact that we have no great historical novel? The greatest minds in Ireland have been employed in glorifying the exploits of other nations' heroes while more interesting personages in the history of their own country were ignored. They went abroad for copper and saw not the gold at home.

Is it any wonder, then, that the young Irishman knows nothing of the history or language of his native country? He may be an educated man; yes, even a litterateur, yet his knowledge of Irish history is very limited and misty. Worse than all, he is not ashamed to acknowledge it. However we may look at the matter, he is really not in fault, for where is he to acquire the knowledge? It is not taught in schools and there are but few books to which he can have access which will give him the desired instruction. The works which have been published heretofore have been intended for a limited circulation; an *edition de luxe* usually, the price of which placed it far beyond the reach of readers of moderate means. The ancient traditions and poems of historical interest were too often in a language of which the average young Irishman knows nothing, and translations were not to be had.

These were the objects which the Irish Literary Society set out to overcome and it has already fired the first gun. A rare work by Thomas Davis entitled the "Patriot Parliament of 1689, with its Statutes, Votes and Proceedings," will be the first volume to be issued. The introduction to the work has been written by that veteran litterateur and uncompromising(?) patriot, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and it is said that it is a masterpiece of its kind.

Recently a small but extremely interesting pamphlet was issued from the press of T. Fisher Unwin, entitled "The Need and Use of Getting Irish Literature Into the English Tongue." It is from the pen of the Rev. Stopford Brooke and it is intended for a forerunner of the new series. It is founded on an address delivered by the author before the Irish Literary Society, of which he is a prominent member, and contains many interesting facts about the Gaelic tales and traditions.

What a glorious idea is this! The grand old bardic tales to be rendered in the tongue of the stranger. The language which usurped the place of the broad mellow Gaelic is to lend new life to it and glorify its eloquence by clothing it in the brightest of modern costumes. Irishmen who have mastered the tongue of the conqueror will accept the task as a labor of love and their translations of the ancient literature will place it well and steadily afloat on the world-wide ocean of the English language, so that it may be known and loved wherever the English language goes.

Let us have history and politics by all means, writes the Rev. Stopford Brooke, but let us take care also of our oldest and fairest heritage. A common love for the beautiful things which distinguish our nation from other nations, will also make us love and honor our country more than a common war against those who oppose our nationality.

And indeed, there is scarcely any modern literature which has been so continuous and so old as ours. It is true we have no long manuscripts older than the tenth or eleventh century, but the materials out of which the manuscripts were built, go back to a remoter antiquity than either English or Welsh literature. They contain stories of a finer imaginative quality than the early Welsh or English stories. Their poetic elements are more instinct with nature and humanity and they have a more kindling and inspiring influence on the imagination of other peoples than flows forth from the beginnings of any other vernacular European literature.

This early literature is written in the Irish tongue, and it consists at the beginning of mythical histories full of wild and romantic episodes. These which recount the legendary invasions of Erin in prehistoric times by tribes whose leaders were divine or half divine, are of the highest interest to the critical mythologist. But they also contain, or have referred to their period, tales of as great interest to the seeker of fine literature. "The Three Sorrows of Story Telling" belong to the distant world—the fate of the Children of Lir, the story of the children of Tuireann, the story of the Sons of Usnach. After this mythological cycle come the successive cycles of heroic tale (having also their mythical elements) the cycle of Ulster, the cycle of Leinster—the first of which gathers round Conchobar and Cuchullin, and the second round Finn, Oisin and Oscar. Among these heroic figures a multitude of other heroes stand, each of whom, like the Knights of the Round Table, has his own tale. Mingled through and through these stories, there are a number of episodical legends, tales of battles, of voyages, of destructions, of slaughters, of seiges, of tragedies, of cowspoils, of courtships, of caves, of adventures, of war expeditions, of feasts, of elopements, of loves, of inundations, of emigrations and of visions. Along with these there are a number of poems and or imaginative tales partly in verse and partly in prose; and the most of these belonged to pre-Christian times.

Then followed the Christian legends and the Christian reworkings of the ancient tales; the lives of the Irish saints, the records of the Martyrs and Feasts, the monastic writings, the liturgies, the prophecies, the laws and the histories.

The case, as set forth by the reverend author, is well worthy the attention of every Nationalist. Why should these grand productions of the early Irish writers be kept in a language which is unknown to most of those who would enjoy reading them? The traditions of almost every other nation have furnished the materials for eminent novelists to interest the world until almost all the themes have been worn threadbare; Ireland alone has been left untouched. There is no reason why her ancient tales should not furnish the materials for the romantic tale of the future, for the age of chivalry in no other country of Europe was more eventful than in Ireland. No land under the sun is so rich in fairy lore. Every old dun and ruin is the abiding place of these elves. They are still seen in the fairy raths, in the bogs and on the mountains and every graveyard is peopled with innumerable restless spirits. The gallant O'Donoghue still rides over the lake and on All Souls Night every foot of thatch on the peasant's house-top is the resting place of a suffering spirit beseeching the inmates for their prayers.

The second volume of the series will be a collection of stories edited by the talented Dublin writer, Standish O'Grady, entitled "Tales of Elizabethan Ireland." The editor of this work is an accomplished litterateur whose labors in the field of Irish national literature have stamped him as a writer of rare ability and wonderful perseverance. His knowledge of the ancient traditions of the peasantry, the manuscript material and the folk lore of Ireland fits him for this important work in the new movement in which he is already a prominent member.

The well-known Nationalist and author, Dr. Todhunter, will contribute the third volume of the series; a life of Patrick Sarsfield. As the Doctor is a familiar figure in Irish politics to most of our Irish readers on this side of the water, all that may be said on the subject of his book is, it is according to the fitness of things that so ardent a patriot as he should be the biographer of one of his country's greatest military heroes.

"The New Spirit of the Nation" will be the fourth volume of the Irish Library. It is a collection of the latest poems of the nation between the years 1845 and 1855, which were never before published in a collection. It is edited by Martin MacDermott, and certainly the period selected by him is the richest epoch in the career of that wonderful organ of Young Ireland. Although the lamented Thomas Davis passed away in 1845, he left a good many heirs to his genius, and the pages of the nation glowed for many a day after with the fiery outbursts of Charles Gavan Duffy, Denny Lane, Richard Dalton Williams and others whose names will live while there is any patriotism or national feeling in the hearts of Irishmen.

The fifth volume of the series will be a work by Dr. Sigerson, of Dublin; that master of elegant diction, and the title of the book will be "The Irish Missionaries in the Great States of Europe." This work will be a book to look forward to. To make the work as complete as possible the author's researches were extremely exhaustive. It required an intimate knowledge not only of the old Irish manuscripts but also of the history of many of the European monastries in which manuscripts and missals written by Irish missionaries are to be found to this day. Dr. Sigerson is of Danish descent, but like many more of foreign extraction, more Irish than the Irish themselves.

"John Keough," a work by J. F. Taylor, will follow Dr. Sigerson's book and then a volume by W. B. Yeats, entitled "The Recent Poets of Ireland," will be given to the public. Mr. Yeats is one of the younger members of the society, but an active one. A sweet poet himself, he has counted it a labor of love to bring together the Irish poets of the present day and prove to the world that Erin has not yet lost her title of the Land of Song.

The new Irish Library will be printed on a fine quality of paper and well bound. The cover has been tastefully designed and the titles of the works will be wreathed in green shamrock on a yellow ground. It is rather emblematical of the union of the green and orange, and the prophecy of Davis that: "Orange and Green will carry the day," seems very likely to be verified at last.

Besides the works edited by the Irish Literary Society, Mr. Unwin has a book of more than ordinary importance in press, which possesses unusual interest for every Irish journalist. It is nothing less than the "Autobiography of Theobald Wolfe Tone," edited by R. Barry O'Brien of the Middle Temple, an author whose works "Fifty Years of Concessions to Ireland" and "Thomas Drummond," have attracted considerable attention. Mr. O'Brien has undertaken to weave the brief memoir and the fragmentary diaries into a continuous narrative, giving explanatory notes throughout. Prof. James Brice has written the preface to the work which will be published in two volumes and illustrated by two photogravures, five steel engravings and a letter of Wolfe Tone's in facsimile.

The A. O. H. and the "Daily News."

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Allow me through the columns of THE CITIZEN to inform the members of the various Divisions of the A. O. H. in Chicago that the *Daily News* has refused to grant them the privileges accorded to other societies of long standing, namely an individual heading in its announcement columns. On July 27 I had occasion to insert two notices for Division No. 1, and when I inquired why they were not classified I was informed that that paper could not accommodate every society with a heading. The next evening there appeared in the same paper a notice from an L. O. L., and that despicable remnant of Know-nothingism in Chicago was classified under the unenviable title of Orangemen. Now, we simply asked our rights and were refused, and it is well that all members should know this, and discontinue using the *News'* columns until such time as this injustice has been corrected. Hereafter I shall look for such notices in THE CITIZEN. HIBERNIAN.

[NOTE—If the Hibernians, and other Irish societies, would spend their money for advertising in THE CITIZEN, they would be independent of the daily press. Outside of this paper, they have hardly a secular journal in Chicago that would go out of its way to do them a favor. They all ought to have found this out long ago, but it seems some of them have not.]

PERSONAL.

Major W. C. McClure, taking advantage of the adjournment of the Criminal court, of wnich he is one of the record clerks, has obtained leave of absence, and is now on the ocean en route to Ireland, where his aged mother is still living. The Major is a native of Antrim and comes of a line of patriots who proved their devotion to Ireland in 1798, and in later times. THE CITIZEN wishes him a pleasant visit and safe return.

Mr. Joseph Hayden, of J. P. Dwyer & Co., State, near Randolph street, has been made supremely happy by the birth of a twelve-pound boy baby. Joseph smiles superior when "the boys" ask him what Mr. Hayden, Jr., thinks of the silver question. The boy makes himself heard in silver tones, and gets about as near to the solution of the difficulty as the Colorado orators whose recent utterances aroused the wrath of Chicago editors, with "a cart wheel" in their heads.

THE LATE OWEN MURRAY.

At a regular meeting of Division No. 17, A. O. H., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has removed from the scene of his temporal labors our esteemed and beloved brother, Owen Murray, and

WHEREAS, His premature and untimely death has deprived Division No. 17 of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, of the assistance and co-operation of a faithful and honest member, the business community of Chicago of an honored and respected citizen, and the sacred cause of Irish liberty of a true and steadfast advocate. Be it, therefore,

Resolved, By the members of Division No. 17 of the A. O. H. in meeting assembled, that, while humbly bowing to the will of God, we deem it but a just and well deserved tribute to the fond memory of our departed brother, to say that in regretting his removal from our midst, we mourn for one who was in every respect worthy of our confidence and regard, a friend and companion, whose estimable qualities of head and heart endeared him to us all, and now make us fondly hope for his eternal rest in Heaven.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved and sorrow-stricken child our sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and commend her for comfort and consolation to Him who decrees all things for the best.

Resolved, That these resolutions be embodied in our records, and a copy sent to THE CITIZEN for publication.

M. J. WALDRON,
D. B. QUINLAN,
P. B. FLANAGAN,
Committee.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

VISITORS to the famous watering place, Kilkee, county Clare, Ireland, will find the best accommodations at Mrs. Kelly's, 1 and 2 Billow View.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN AND OUT OF BELEAGURED DUNCANNON.

"The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade,
And ever and anon in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

"I struggled on in the marshalled press,
As the conquering banners tossed so gay:
Oh, darling! how sweetly your eyes would bless
That gallant band on St. Patrick's Day!"

It was only when Edmund O'Tracy took his place perforce among the defenders of Duncannon Fort, and found himself occasionally at liberty to wander round its ramparts, that he came to acquire a proper idea of its strength and importance.

This important fortress, which, from its elevated site, commanded the broad stream flowing by and all shipping approaching to either Waterford or New Ross, and which made its holders masters of the surrounding country—unless, of course, in case of a siege—was truly formidable in the extent of its fortifications. It covered three acres of ground. Its defences had been strengthened in Elizabeth's time to provide against the dreaded Spanish Armada; and its present possessors had done much to add to its strength. Besides its three tiers of batteries to the seaward, its defenses on the land side were both imposing and stupendous. Behind a deep, dry ditch rose a precipitous rock, hollowed into ramparts and crowned with two watch-towers. The chief entrance from the land was over a drawbridge, which could be raised or lowered as occasion needed, flanked by two sally-ports; and, between this drawbridge and the lofty citadel of the fort, the soldiers of the garrison had raised two parallel lines of ramparts, faced with earth. The flat top of the high rock overlooking the sea was surrounded by a massive wall, which enclosed some commodious ranges of thatched houses, the barracks of the garrison. The ramparts mounted twenty-two heavy "battering guns," and some brass fieldpieces, the magazine contained a fair supply of ammunition, and the armory a large store of different kinds of arms. Well might Duncannon Fort bid defiance to a force ten times greater than that which General Preston, commander-in-chief of the Irish army in Leinster, led against it from Waterford, eleven miles distant, shortly after the feast of the Epiphany.

This force consisted of 1,200 infantry, drafted from the regiments of Synnott and Mountgarret, and eighty of Talbot's horse, together with a very efficient corps of Flemish engineers, under their skilful officers Laloe and Gaspar Hubert, brought by Preston from the Low Countries on his coming to Ireland. From the lofty ramparts our hero could see the batteries and banners of the besiegers, but not their encampment, which, although within musket-shot, was hidden from view in a sheltering valley. He longed ardently to join them, and strove to mature various plans of escape, but in vain; the defenses of the fort were too perfect, the vigilance of the sentries too sharp, to admit of his designs. And so the slow siege wore on, and day by day he had to do, or make show of doing, a soldier's duty on the ramparts, in momentary peril of falling by the fire of his countrymen — working the artillery, firing off his musket, and strengthening the fortifications, like a leal and true "heart of British oak;" for the ultimate prospect of escape made him stifle the scruples he had so fearlessly exhibited on board the flagship; and he toiled on, watchfully and patiently biding his time.

Many and hairbreadth were his escapes. One in particular deserves to be mentioned. It happened one evening, just at nightfall, that four men were seen running hurriedly towards the fort from the Irish trenches, whence several shots were discharged after them. They carried between them a large chest, and on nearing the fort they begged to be let in, crying out that they were deserters. The guards, however, refused to admit them, and they ran back to the trenches, leaving their burden behind them.

Next morning a party of four, our hero among the number, was told off to carry the strange chest into the fort. They did so in safety, and then one of the garrison set to work with hammer and chisel to break it upen. Suddnly there was a loud and terrible explosion, which blew the unfortunate man and several of the curious spectators to atoms, and reduced the chest to a blackened mass of tinder and ashes. The chief engineer of the besiegers, Laloe, had filled it with powder and grenades; the pretended deserters of the preceding night were only acting their parts in a most fatal and extraordinary *ruse de guerre*.

On the morning following the explosion the besieging batteries opened a combined and tremendous fire on the walls of the fort, which did considerable damage; and later in the day, when the cannonade ceased, a drummer—the military herald of the period—appeared before the walls with a demand from Preston to surrender. Lord Esmonde was summoned from his chamber, and immediately ordered his men to fire on the drummer, who fled amidst a shower of bullets; for by this time the irascible governor was highly exasperated against the Irish. He preferred by far that Duncannon should fall into the hands of the English parliament rather than into those of the Confederation of Kilkenny. His corruption by the Puritans was undoubted from the first alarm of siege, when, dismissing a Major Capron and other royalist officers serving under him, he received supplies from the Parliament. But he acted in his true character; the renegade from faith and country in his youth was a renegade from his king in his old age.

A few days following the foregoing incident, a fierce wind swept the thatch off some of the barracks on the summit of the rock; and at the same time the Irish batteries threw in their bombs, which set some of the same light roofs in a blaze; so that the besieged had to tear off the blazing material and fling it in flaming masses over the protecting wall into the sea.

As yet the fort did not lack supplies. Water was the principal want, but in its absence the besieged had large quantities of wine, which they used even for cooking purposes. The three ships which had taken part with the luckless flag ship in the action heretofore described had long since sailed for Milford Haven; but the besieged were cheerfully counting on the arrival of other vessels to their relief. Their expectations were not disappointed, and a great round of cheering ran along the ramparts of the fort when at length five vessels hove in sight down the river, and cast anchor off Creden Head. However, the Irish artillery prevented those ships from approaching, and the supplies had to be landed with the utmost stealth.

The night was chosen for the purpose. A number of the besieged but out in boats to the ships, and succeeded in bringing to the fort about thirty or forty barrels of salt meat, a quantity of Dutch and English cheese, a supply of tobacco —for the Virginian weed was as great a favorite with soldiers then as now—and various other commodities.

Among those engaged in landing the supplies was Edmumd O'Tracy, who thought the opportunity for escape too good to be let pass. He and another were the sole occupants of a punt plying between the vessels and the fort, and it was when half way on the second journey, after depositing their first small cargo at the fort, that he put his plan of escape in execution.

Watching his time, he managed to adroitly fling his companion, a good swimmer, overboard, and then seizing the sculls he pulled away for dear life towards the shore, in the direction, as far as he could judge, of the Irish battery. The cries of the man in the water soon attracted attention, and several shots were fired after the fugitive, but the latter gained the shore unscathed.

Scarcely had he stepped on the beach when he was challenged by the Irish sentries, and immediately he was in the midst of Synnott's Wexfordmen, who, after listening to his strange story, bade him a hearty welcome and treated him with the utmost kindness.

In the morning he was conducted to the tent of General Preston (now the rival and afterwards the open adversary of Owen Roe), who closely questioned him as to the strength of the fortifications and the state of the garrison in general. To every query he replied as satisfactorily as he could.

"The men in the fort," he said, "are in excellent spirits on account of the landing of the supplies last night. The fortifications are nearly all equally strong; but if one of the sally-ports were taken or destroyed it would shorten the siege."

Preston was satisfied with his answers, and dismissed him saying he might serve against the fort or return to the army of Ulster as he thought fit, at the same time ordering him a supply of money and clothing. As he quitted the general's tent a hand was laid on his shoulder, and a familiar voice sounded in his ear:

"My soul to heaven! have I found you at last? Is it yourself or your ghost I see, Emon O'Tracy? Corp an diaoul, your hand!"

His hand was seized and shaken in a grasp of iron, and he felt a thrill of pleasure as his eyes rested on the face of a friend—on the manly, sun-browned features of Niall O'Cuirnin.

"Sure, avic machree," continued the stalwart brother of Kathleen, "we all gave you up for dead long ago, thinking you were shot, or hanged, or drowned amid those devils of Sassenach sailors that Kathleen told us she left you with."

"Kathleen!—where is she? Is she safe?" ejaculated Edmund.

"Safe and sound, my boy, and living with friends yonder in New Ross. Man alive, but she'll be glad to see you! The poor colleen hasn't been herself at all for the last nine months, ever since last summer."

"How came you to find her?"

"By the help of heaven, Emon. A friend of mine, one of the O'Beirnes, found her living somewhere in the county Cork, in the family of a Catholic gentleman who had taken pity on the poor wandering dove; and it wasn't long until I discovered and took charge of her. Och, you should have seen the meeting between us after two long, cruel, weary years! Well, I took her to New Ross to a Munster cousin of ours, and there she has lived in peace ever since. I have come from Ulster, which is full of fighting nowadays."

"And my foster-father, and General O'Neill, and the rest?"

"The tierna of Dromahaire is well, though Hamilton and the bloody Albanachs have been giving him fresh trouble of late. As for Owen Roe, he is at Belturbet, recruiting and drilling as fast as he can. It was only the other day that I arrived here with a message from him to his physician, the great Dr. O'Shiel, now in camp. But I have a month's leave, which I mean to spend here, if the siege lasts so long, and hope ere I return to Ulster, to see our colors flying over this stout fortress."

"Then I shall remain with you," said Edmund, and he was as good as his word.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Tadhg O'Cathain agus an Corpan.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Rinne sé tochailt arís anaice leis an doras, acht ceul chaith sé nios mó 'na cúpla sluasad de'n gcré amach thug sé lámh duine faoi deara, do nochtaidh sé leis an spéid. "M'anam!" ar seisean ann a inntinn féin, "ní rachaidh mé nios faide. Cad é 'n mhaith dham é?" agus chaith sé an chré asteach arís air, agus shocruigh sé na leacs mar bhí siad roimhe.

D'fhág sé an teampoll annsin agus a chroidhe trom go leór, agus dhruid sé an doras 'una dhiaigh agus chur sé glas air, agus d'fhág sé an áit mar fuair sé í. Shuidh sé síos air an g-cleichuaighe do bhí anaice leis an doras agus thosaigh sé ag smuaineadh. Bhí sé ann umhas mór creud do dheunfadh sé. Leig sé a cuidan eidir a dhá lámh agus ghol sé le bron agus le tuirse, mar bhí sé fir-chinnte 'san am sin nach dtiucfadh leis dul abhaile beó. Rinne sé feuchaint eile lámha an chorpáin do bhí fágsithe timchioll a bhrághaid do agaoileadh, acht bhí siad chomh teann le clamps, agus dá mbéad a d'iarr sé a agaoileadh, is cruaidhe d'fhágsiad é. Bhí sé dul do shuidhe síos arís nuair dubhairt an corpán fuar gránna ann a chluais arís. "Carraig-fhad-Mhic-Fheórais, Carraig-fhad-Mhic-Fheórais," agus do chuimhnigh sé ann sin air ordughadh na ndaoine maith, an corpán do bhréith leis chum na h-áite sin muna dtiucfadh leis a chur i d-Teampoll-Démuis. D'éirigh sé agus dheare sé 'na thimchioll. "Ní'l eolas agam air an mbealach," ar sé. Chomh luath agus labhair sé an focal, do shín an corpán a lámh chlé (do bhí fágsithe air a mhuineul) amach go h-obann, agus chonghbaigh sé i roimhe 'gá thaisbéint dó an bhealaigh budh chóir dó leanamhaint. Lean Tadhg an bóthar, 'sa mbealach a raibh na meura sinte, agus chuaidh sé amach as an g-Cill. Fuair sé é féin air an t-sean-bhóthar onapach clochach, agus sheas sé arís gan fhios dó cia an taobh budh chóir dó thionntógh. Shín an corpán a lámh tana amach arís, agus thaisbéan sé dhó an bóthar eile, noch dtáinig sé suas nuair bhí sé ag tarsing chum an t-sean-teampoill. Chuaidh Tadhg air aghaidh annsa' mhóthar sin, agus chomh minic agus thigeadh sé go h-áit ann a raibh bóthar no cosán buailte air an mbóthar ann a raibh sé ag siúbhal, do shineadh an corpán a lámh amach arís ag taisbéint an bhealaigh chirt dó. B'iomdha crosbhóthar do lonnsaigh sé agus b'iomdha bóithrin cam do shiúbhal sé, no go bhfacaidh sé sean-roilig uaidh, air deire air thaoibh an bhóthair. Bhí rud inntí cosmhuil le teampoll no teach mór briste síos, acht ní raibh aon t-séipeul 'na teamp poll ann. D'fhágsi an corpán go teann é, agus stad Tadhg. Dubhairt an corpán ann a chluais arís "Cuir mé! cuir mé! 'sa g-cill! 'sa g-cill!"

Do tharraing Tadhg anonn do'n t-sean-roilig, agus ní raibh sé nios faide na timchioll fiche slat uaidh nóair thóg sé a sháile agus chonnairc sé ceudtha agus ceudtha tais, mas, fir, agus páistidh, 'nna suidhe air bhárr an bhalla, no 'nna seasamh an taobh astigh, ag rith anonn 's análl, ag sineadh a lámh amach, ag léimnigh, ag damhsa, ag corrughadh a mbéll amball a's mar bhéidheadh siad ag labhairt, acht nior chualaidh Tadhg aon fhocal no aon toran. Bhi faitchios air dul air aghaidh, agus shcas sé suas mar bhí sé. Air an móimid bhi na taiseanna uile socair agus nior chuir siad cor asta. Thuig Tadhg ann sin gur b' ag iarraidh a chongbháil é dhuinsteach do bhi siad. Dhruid sé cúpla slat nios foigse do'n bhalla, agus rith an sluagh uile le chéile do'n bhall 'na a raibh seisean ag triall, agus bhi siad chomh tiugh sin le chéile nár fheud sé briseadh tríotha dá mbeadh mhian leis é, acht ní raibh aon mheisneach aige a fheuchaint.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

HIS VIEWS ON THE PRESENT FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The Sherman Act of July 14, 1890, He Believes To Be Responsible for the Trouble and Earnestly Recommends Its Repeal—He Refers Incidentally to the Tariff but Considers the Financial Question Paramount.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 8.—President Cleveland's message to congress in extra session was read in both houses and is as follows:

TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES: The existence of an alarming and extraordinary business situation, involving the welfare and prosperity of all our people, has constrained me to call together in extra session the people's representatives in congress, to the end that through a wise and patriotic exercise of the legislative duty with which they solely are charged, present evils may be mitigated and dangers threatening the future may be averted.

Our unfortunate financial plight is not the result of untoward events nor of conditions related to our natural resources; nor is it traceable to any of the afflictions which frequently check national growth and prosperity. With plenteous crops, with abundant promise of remunerative production and manufacture, with unusual invitation to safe investment and with satisfactory assurance to business enterprise, suddenly financial distrust and fear have sprung up on every side. Numerous moneyed institutions have suspended because abundant assets were not immediately available to meet the demands of frightened depositors. Surviving corporations and individuals are content to keep in hand the money they are usually anxious to loan, and those engaged in legitimate business are surprised to find that the securities they offer for loans, though heretofore satisfactory, are no longer accepted. Values supposed to be fixed are fast becoming conjectural, and loss and failure have invaded every branch of business.

I believe these things are principally chargeable to congressional legislation touching the purchase and coinage of silver by the general government. This legislation is embodied in a statute passed on the 14th day of July, 1890 which was the culmination of much agitation on the subject involved, and which may be considered a truce, after a long struggle, between the advocates of free silver coinage and those intending to be more conservative. Undoubtedly the monthly purchases by the government of 4,500,000 ounces of silver, enforced under that statute, were regarded by those interested in silver production as a certain guaranty of its increase in price. The result, however, has been entirely different, for immediately following a spasmodic and slight rise, the price of silver began to fall after the passage of the act, and has since reached the lowest point ever known. This disappointing result has led to renewed and persistent effort in the direction of free silver coinage. Meanwhile, not only are the evil effects of the operation of the present law constantly accumulating, but the result to which its execution must inevitably lead is becoming palpable to all who give the least heed to financial subjects.

This law provides that in payment for the 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion which the secretary of the treasury is commanded to purchase monthly there shall be issued treasury notes redeemable on demand in gold or silver coin at the discretion of the secretary of the treasury, and that said notes may be reissued. It is, however, declared in the act to be "the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio or such ratio as may be provided by law." This declaration so controls the action of the secretary of the treasury as to prevent his exercising the discretion nominally vested in him, if by such action the parity between gold and silver may be disturbed. Manifestly a refusal by the secretary to pay these treasury notes in gold, if demanded, would necessarily result in their discredit and depreciation as obligations payable only in silver, and would destroy the parity between the two metals by establishing a discrimination in favor of gold.

Up to the 15th day of July, 1893, these notes had been issued in payment of silver bullion purchases to the amount of more than forty-seven millions of dollars. While all but a very small quantity of this bullion remains uncoined and without usefulness in the treasury, many of the notes given in its purchase have been paid in gold. This is illustrated by the statement that between the 1st day of May, 1892, and the 15th day of July, 1893, the notes of this kind issued in payment for silver bullion amounted to a little more than fifty four millions of dollars, and that during the same period about forty-nine millions of dollars were paid by the treasury in gold for the redemption of such notes. The policy necessarily adopted of paying these notes in gold has not spared the gold reserve of $100,000,000 long ago set aside by the government for the redemption of other notes, for this fund has already been subjected to the payment of new obligations amounting to about one hundred and fifty millions of dollars on account of silver purchases, and has as a consequence, for the first time since its creation, been encroached upon.

We have thus made the depletion of our gold easy, and have tempted other and more appreciative nations to add it to their stock. That the opportunity we have offered has not been neglected, is shown by the large amounts of gold which have been recently drawn from our treasury and exported to increase the financial strength of foreign nations. The excess of exports of gold over its imports for the year ending June 30, 1893, amounted to more than eighty-seven and a half millions of dollars. Between the 1st day of July, 1890, and the 15th day of July, 1893, the gold coin and bullion in our treasury decreased more than one hundred and thirty-two millions of dollars, while during the same period the silver coin and bullion in the treasury increased more than one hundred and forty-seven millions of dollars. Unless government bonds are to be constantly issued and sold to replenish our exhausted gold, only to be again exhausted, it is apparent that the operation of the silver purchase law now in force leads in the direction of the entire substitution of silver for gold in the government treasury, and that this must be followed by the payment of all government obligations in depreciated silver.

At this stage gold and silver must part company and the government must fail in its established policy to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other. Given over to the exclusive use of a currency greatly depreciated according to the standard of the commercial world, we could no longer claim a place among nations of the first class, nor could our government claim a performance of its obligations, so far as such obligation has been imposed upon it, to provide for the use of the people the best and safest money. If, as many of its friends claim, silver ought to occupy a larger place in our currency and the currency of the world through general international co-operation and agreement, it is obvious that the United States will not be in a position to gain a hearing in favor of such an arrangement so long as we are willing to continue our attempt to accomplish the result single handed.

The knowledge in business circles among our own people that our government cannot make its fiat equivalent to intrinsic value, nor keep inferior money on a parity with superior money by its own independent efforts, has resulted in such a lack of confidence at home, in the stability of currency values that capital refuses its aid to new enterprises while millions are actually withdrawn from the channels of trade and commerce to become idle and unproductive in the hands of timid owners. Foreign investors equally alert not only decline to purchase American securities but make haste to sacrifice those which they already have. It does not meet the situation to say that apprehension in regard to the future of our finances is groundless and that there is no reason for lack of confidence in the purposes or power of the government in the premises. The very existence of this apprehension and lack of confidence, however caused, is a menace which ought not for a moment be disregarded. Possibly, if the undertaking we have in hand were the maintenance of a specific known quantity of silver at a parity with gold, our ability to do so might be estimated and gauged, and perhaps in view of our unparalleled growth and resources, might be favorably passed upon. But when our avowed endeavor is to maintain such parity in regard to an amount of silver increasing at the rate of $50,000,000 yearly, with no fixed termination to such increase, it can hardly be said that a problem is presented whose solution is free from doubt.

The people of the United States are entitled to a sound and stable currency and to money recognized as such on every exchange and in every market of the world. Their government has no right to injure them by financial experiments opposed to the policy and practice of other civilized states, nor is it justified in permitting an exaggerated and unreasonable reliance on our national strength and ability to jeopardize the soundness of the people's money. This matter rises above the plane of party politics. It vitally concerns every business and calling and enters every household in the land. There is one important aspect of the subject which especially should never be overlooked. At times like the present, when the evils of unsound finance threaten us, the speculator may anticipate a harvest gathered from the misfortune of others, the capitalist may protect himself by hoarding or may even find profit in the fluctuation of values; but the wage-earner—the first to be injured by a depreciated currency and the last to receive the benefit of its correction—is practically defenseless. He relies for work upon the ventures of confident and contented capital. This failing him, his condition is without alleviation, for he can neither prey on the misfortunes of others, nor hoard his labor. One of the greatest statesmen our country has known, speaking more than fifty years ago, when a derangement of the currency had caused commercial distress, said: "The very man of all others who has the deepest interest in a sound currency and who suffers most by mischievous legislation in money matters, is the man who earns his daily bread by his daily toil."

These words are pertinent now as on the day they were uttered, and aught to impressively remind us that a failure in the discharge of our duty at this time must especially injure those of our countrymen who labor, and who because of their number and condition are entitled to the most watchful care of their government. It is of the utmost importance that such relief as congress can afford in the existing situation be afforded at once. The maxim, "He gives twice who gives quickly," is directly applicable. It may be true that the embarrassments from which the business of the country is suffering arise as much from evils apprehended as from those actually existing. We may hope, too, that calm counsels will prevail and that neither the capitalists nor the wage earners will give way to unreasoning panic and sacrifice their property or their interest under the influence of exaggerated fears. Nevertheless, every day's delay in removing one of the plain and principal causes of the present state of affairs enlarges the mischief already done and increases the responsibility of the government for its existence. Whatever else the people have a right to expect from congress they may certainly demand that legislation condemned by the ordeal of three years' disastrous experience shall be removed from the statute books as soon as their representatives can legitimately deal with it.

It was my purpose to summon congress in special session early in the coming September that we might enter promptly upon the work of tariff reform, which the true interests of the country clearly demand—which so large a majority of the people, as shown by their suffrages, desire and expect, and to the accomplishment of which every effort of the present administration is pledged. But while tariff reform has lost nothing of its immediate and permanent importance, and must in the near future engage the attention of congress, it has seemed to me that the financial condition of the country should at once and before all other subjects be considered by your honorable body.

I earnestly recommend the prompt repeal of the provisions of the act passed July 14, 1890, authorizing the purchase of silver bullion, and that other legislative action may put beyond all doubt or mistake the intention and the ability of the government to fill its pecuniary obligations in money universally recognized by all civilized countries.

(Signed) GROVER CLEVELAND.

Executive Mansion, Aug. 7, 1893.

THE SHERMAN LAW.

Full Text of the Sherman Silver Purchasing Act of 1890.

The following is a full text of the Sherman silver purchasing law of 1890, about which there has been so much discussion:

An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes.

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That the secretary of the treasury is hereby directed to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered each month at the market price thereof not exceeding $1 for 371¼ grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases of silver bullion treasury notes of the United States to be prepared by the secretary of the treasury in such form and of such denominations—not less than $1 nor more than $1,000—as he may prescribe, and a sum sufficient to carry into effect the provisions of this act is hereby appropriated out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

Sec. 2. That the treasury notes issued in accordance with the provisions of this act shall be redeemable on demand, in coin, at the treasury of the United States, or at the office of any assistant treasurer of the United States, and when so redeemed may be reissued, but no greater or less amount of such notes shall be outstanding at any time than the cost of the silver bullion and the standard silver dollars coined therefrom, then held in the treasury purchased by such notes; and such treasury notes shall be a legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private, except where otherwise expressly stipulated in the contract, and shall be receivable for customs, taxes and public lands, and when so received may be reissued; and such notes when held by any national banking association may be counted as a part of its lawful reserve. That upon demand of the holder of any of the treasury notes herein provided for the secretary of the treasury shall, under such regulations as he may prescribe, redeem such notes in gold or silver coin at his discretion, it being the established policy of the United States to maintain the two metals on a parity with each other upon the present legal ratio, or such ratio as may be provided by law.

Sec. 3. That the secretary of the treasury shall each month coin 2,000,000 ounces of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act into standard silver dollars until the 1st day of July, 1891, and after that time he shall coin of the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act as much as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the treasury notes herein provided for, and any gain or seigniorage arising from such coinage shall be accounted for and paid into the treasury.

Sec. 4. That the silver bullion purchased under the provisions of this act shall be subject to the requirements of existing law and the regulations of the mint service governing the methods of determining the amount of pure silver contained and the amount of charges or deductions, if any, to be made.

Sec. 5. That so much of the act of Feb. 28, 1878, entitled "An act to authorize the coinage of the standard silver dollar, and to restore its legal tender character," as requires the monthly purchase and coinage of the same into silver dollars of not less than $2,000,000 nor more than $4,000,000 worth of silver is hereby repealed.

Sec. 6. That upon the passage of this act the balances standing with the treasury of the United States to the respective credits of national banks for deposits made to redeem the circulating notes of such banks and all deposits thereafter received for like purpose shall be covered into the treasury as a miscellaneous receipt, and the treasurer of the United States shall redeem from the general cash in the treasury the circulating notes of said banks which may come into his possession subject to redemption, and upon the certificate of the comptroller of the currency that such notes have been received by him, and that they have been destroyed by him and that no new notes will be issued in their place, reimbursement of their amount shall be made to the treasurer, under such regulations as the secretary of the treasury may prescribe, from an appropriation hereby created, to be known as the national bank notes redemption account, but the provisions of this act shall not apply to the deposits received under section 6 of the act of June 20, 1874, requiring every national bank to keep in lawful money with the treasurer of the United States a sum equal to 5 per centum of its circulation, to be held and used for the redemption of its circulating notes, and the balance remaining of the deposits so covered shall, at the close of each month be reported on the monthly public debt statement as debt of the United States bearing no interest.

Sec. 7. That this act shall take effect thirty days from and after its passage.

Approved July 14, 1890.

THE BICYCLE TOURNEY.

Walter Sanger Badly Hurt in One of the Races.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—Walter C. Sanger, the man who has been regarded since the opening of the bicycle season as the one available competitor of the great Zimmerman, narrowly escaped being disabled for life on the south side ball grounds. During the second heat of the trial heats of the international tourney, Sanger, who was in the rear, put on the steam and passed a number of competitors. In making the turn into the straight, however, he and his machine came to the earth and five succeeding riders fell over him. When Sanger was picked up, it was found that he was skinned from his head to his heels and was scarcely able to move a finger. A hasty examination showed that he had broken no bones. At present it is not definitely known whether he has strained any of his muscles or his tendons, but the chances are that he has not. A day's care may put him right, but he will be a sore man for some time to come.

RECRUITING EXTRORDINARY.

Uncle Sam Seeking Soldiers in British Possessions.

OTTAWA, Ont., Aug. 8.—A large poster in a store window here causes much comment. It is a notice signed by Recruiting Officer Lieutenant Archer Yates, second lieutenant of the Ninth infantry, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., holding out strong inducements for recruits to join the United States infantry and cavalry. The placard is of recent issue, quotes the new military law of February last, and mentions the increased rate of pay.

A Conservative paper, referring to the matter, says: "That such a poster should be displayed in a Canadian city is most extraordinary. By some citizens its exhibition in public in Ottawa is regarded as a brazen piece of effrontery, and by others as an indication that the United States army is so unpopular on the other side of the line that enough recruits cannot be obtained there. Anyway the poster ought to be hauled down."

DISASTER ON THE BADEN.

Two Lieutenants and Seven Seamen Killed by an Explosion.

BERLIN, Aug. 3.—A disastrous explosion occurred on board the German armorclad steamer Baden at Kiel. Lieutenants Oelsner and Zembach and seven seamen were killed and seventeen persons were wounded. It appears that some of the men had just removed from the magazine a grenade measuring 30 centimetres in diameter. Through some cause not yet explained the grenade exploded, killing or wounding nearly every person in the immediate vicinity. The Baden is a vessel of 5,600 tons. She was launched in 1880. She mounts eight large guns, and her armor is ten inches thick at the water line.

Prominent Farmer Killed.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 7.—Theophilus Racine, one of the most prominent farmers of Washington township, met death in his own barn. He, in company with some hands, was unloading hay in the barn when in some way the horses became frightened. They started to run and Mr. Racine became unbalanced and fell heavily to the ground. As he fell his head struck a piece of steel, which penetrated his eye to the bone, causing almost instant death. He was unmarried.

Caught in Raging Waters.

PORTLAND, Me., Aug. 7.—The Portland Water company's large reservoir on Munjoy hill burst and four persons who were in a house in the path of the rushing water were killed. They were: Mrs. Dennis Connolly, Agnes Connolly, Mamie Connolly, James Mosely. The reservoir was 150 feet above the sea level and within a quarter of a mile of the shore. It had a fifty-foot embankment and was finished three years ago. It held 15,000,000 gallons of water.

Three Boys Drowned.

GRAND FORKS, N. D., Aug. 7.—A triple drowning occurred in Red Lake river one mile from this city. John Bulgick, aged 13; Joseph Bulgick, aged 11, and Delold Cote being the victims. The boys were bathing, two engaging in a swimming race, and both went down. The third attempted their rescue in vain, losing his own life. Efforts at resuscitation of the bodies recovered a few moments after the accident were unavailing.

Struck and Killed by Lightning.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 7.—While Fred Ziegling, 37 years old; Lizzie Toople, 5 years, Ernest Toople, 47 years, and John Maher, 14 years old, were returning from the old millpond at East New York they were struck by lightning. Ziegling and the girl were instantly killed and Maher was severely shocked and knocked unconscious to the pavement. Ernest Toople received a shock on the leg. It is feared that Maher will die.

Drowned While Boating.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 7.—Thomas Russell, aged 18, of this city, and Edward Shaw of Camden, N. J., were drowned off League island by their boat capsizing. The yacht Annie May, with a pleasure party of eight aboard, capsized at Atlantic City, N. J., during the gale. All of the occupants were rescued except Thomas Sherlin of Philadelphia. He is supposed to have been drowned.

Escaped from Jackson Prison.

JACKSON, Mich., Aug. 7.—Frederick Hanley and Charles Justice escaped from the state prison here by climbing the wall. They had both been confined in the bullpen to subdue them, having been unruly. Hanley was in for seventeen years for burglary and Justice was a nine-year man for the same offense.

Firemen Overcome by Smoke.

CHICAGO, Aug. 7.—A fire caused by an explosion of gas in the basement of Chapin & Gore's wholesale liquor store, 73 Monroe street, did $40,000 damage to the stock and building. Fire Marshal Reese and four firemen were overcome by the smoke and were carried from the burning building.

Some of Hamlin's Horses Cremated.

BUFFALO, Aug. 7.—The large barns filled with hay on a farm owned by C. J. Hamlin at East Aurora were destroyed by fire. It is reported that three horses and a colt perished. The farm where the fire occurred is separate from Hamlin's stock farm at the same place.

Sheet Mill in Operation.

PHILLIPSBURG, N. J., Aug. 7.—The sheet mill, one of the largest industries here, after being closed down nearly two months, has resumed operations with enough orders to keep the mill going steadily with its day force.

TRAIN LEFT THE RAILS.

TERRIBLE SMASH-UP ON THE LAKE SHORE RAILWAY.

And Three People Who Were Standing Beside the Track Had Their Lives Crushed Out—The Accident Occurred While the Train Was Running at the Rate of Forty-Five Miles an Hour.

TOLEDO, Aug. 7.—A wreck, remarkably peculiar from the fact that no satisfactory explanation can be given for its immediate cause, and from the fact that two of the fatalities occurred to immediate bystanders, while the passengers of the Wagner sleeper, Orinoco, which was literally torn to pieces, with one exception escaped with their lives, was reported from the little station of Lindsey, O., twenty-two miles east of this city on the Lake Shore road. The accident occurred to the Chicago express westbound passenger train. The train consisted of baggage car, four day coaches and five sleeping cars, and was ordered to pass an eastbound local freight at Lindsey. The engine and day cars passed in safety, and the first of the sleeping cars also kept on the main track. The second sleeper, the Orinoco, took the switch, and crashed into the locomotive of the freight train, which was standing on the siding, while the express was running at the rate of forty-five miles an hour.

The List of Victims.

The first sleeper was dragged from the rails, and the third followed the Orinoco on the switch. All of these cars were damaged beyond repair. The engine was turned complete around, the tender was thrown into a box car loaded with flour sacks, and the sleeping car, which first left the main track, crushed the life out of three railway employes. The dead are: C. E. Laverty, Elyria, O., engineer of the freight train, who was standing alongside his engine when the accident occurred. C. E. Spain, Toledo, brakeman on the freight train, standing near the engineer. J. R. Robinson, Chicago, colored porter on the sleeping car Orinoco.

The injured are: Professor B. K. Emerson of Amherst college, East Gloucester, Mass., passenger on the car Orinoco; ligaments torn from the left shoulder blade, ribs fractured, and lung punctured; injuries of a serious if not fatal nature. J. B. Hamilton, restauranteur, 523 Euclid avenue, Pittsburg; injured internally and will scarcely recover. E. C. Fisher, Ravine street, Allegheny, Pa.; right foot severely cut and bruised, and a contusion of the knee; will recover. Bruno Kniffier, 54 Central avenue, Cleveland; left hand injured, not serious. James Ryan, of the Chicago Base Ball club; cut about head and face and left leg seriously injured. W. C. Kittridge, catcher of the Chicago team, severely cut on the right wrist; A. H. West, 562 Kenwood place, Chicago; arm and head badly cut and slightly scalded by escaping steam. H. G. Stevens, colored, Boston, porter on sleeping car; head cut. M. Penham, colored, Buffalo; porter on sleeping car; serious if not fatal internal injuries.

War Narrowly Averted.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—A special cable to The Sun from London says: Just before leaving town for a holiday Lord Rosebery said to a political friend: "We were nearer a war with France a week ago than at any time since Waterloo." Now that the crisis has passed the facts about the momentous two days of the 28th and 29th of July are gradually coming out. Englishmen are learning with genuine alarm how slender is the threat by which the sword is suspended over Europe.

Joy Turned into Sorrow.

BOSTON, Aug. 4.—While the Chelsea Yacht club was giving a concert at their boathouse on the Mystic river one of the balconies collapsed, carrying the occupants to the pier below. Four persons were killed and about a dozen injured. The killed are: J. P. Warren, band leader, 189 Pearl street, Chelsea; A. L. Pemberton, musician, Belmont street, Melrose; Mrs. August P. Schuman, George street, Chelsea; Mrs. A. P. Putnam, Chelsea.

Run Down by a Train.

ST. PAUL, Aug. 7.—A St. Paul and Duluth train backed down upon occupants of a buggy at a station near White Bear, killing three persons instantly. The vehicle was occupied by E. W. Newstrom, Mrs. J. Nordstrom, Mrs. E. P. Cloase, and a little daughter of the latter. The girl was thrown some distance and escaped unhurt, while death was instantaneous in the cases of the others.

Frightful Boiler Explosion.

WAVERLY, O., Aug. 3.—A report has reached here of a terrible boiler explosion at Camp Creek, this county, which killed three men, two brothers named Wolfe, and John Alexandria, the head sawyer, and blew off the right arm of Squire Wallace. The men were busy sawing lumber and let the boiler go dry.

Killed by a Train.

LANCASTER, Pa., Aug. 3.—George W. Kirby of Brooklyn, aged 50 years, was walking on the Pennsylvania railroad at Columbia when he was struck by a locomotive and dragged 200 yards. Both legs were cut off and his head was badly mutilated. He was dead when picked up.

New Jersey Forest Fire.

MAYS LANDING, Aug. 3.—The fire which has burned for a week in Burlington county, along the Mullica river, has exhausted itself. A careful estimate places the damages to buildings at $150,000; to timber, $1,500,000, and this crop of cranberries, $75,000.

Suicide of a Speculator.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—Driven to a condition of irresponsibility by the swallowing up of his resources; with the frosts of 60 years upon his head, and no prospects for the future, Nelson Van Kirk, a well known operator in grain and provisions, shot and instantly killed himself.

Killed by a Fall.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Bartholomew and Thomas Crimmins, aged 4 and 2 years, respectively, children of Patrick and Margaret Crimmins, who live in rear rooms on the top floor of the five-story tenement house 204 West Sixty-first street, fell out of a window to the yard and were killed.

The Blockade Raised.

PARIS, Aug. 4.—Rear Admiral Humann, commanding the French fleet now in Siamese waters, announces that the blockade of Siam has been raised.

More Gold Coming In.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—Heidelbach, Ickelheimer & Co., are advised of another shipment to them of $700,000 gold per steamship Lahn.

HAY MARKET REVIEWED.

Farmers and Dealers Holding Off for a Raise in Prices.

CANAJOHARIE, N. Y., Aug 7.—The Hay Trade Journal publishes reviews of the hay market in the United States as follows: "The crop for this year is virtually harvested and in the main is of a good quality. Reports from every part of the country indicate a feeling among farmers and dealers to hold for a rise, due in a large measure to advices from abroad regarding a short crop there. Holders are cautioned not to expect much advantage from the high prices abroad as freights to foreign ports will more than offset the difference in prevailing prices here.

"Cable dispatches to The Journal this week indicate a depressed condition of the foreign markets with quotations ranging from $20 to $25 per ton of 2,240 pounds. Taking the average quotations for hay at New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Baltimore, it is from $15 to $17 per ton of 6,000 pounds. The market is healthy throughout the country, the trade is generally well supplied and holders are advised to base their expectations for future prices on the home markets, always a trustworthy criterion."

Tom Johnson Has a Scheme.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—Tom Johnson of Ohio has a scheme. He suggested that immediate business and financial relief might be arrived at if legislative steps were taken the moment congress convenes to permit every holder of a United States bond to go to the national treasury and deposit the bond and draw out its face in currency. The bond is not to be canceled nor become the property of the government. All interest, however, is to be suspended while the bond is thus hypothecated. Johnson's proposal would be to allow a bondholder to borrow at no interest money from Uncle Sam to an amount equal to the face of the United States bonds deposited as security for an indefinite period, the bond to be returned to the depositor when the loan is repaid to the government, the bond meanwhile bearing no interest.

Sued by His Mother.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Aug. 4.—Mrs. Maria L. Mitchell, widow of Alexander Mitchell, has sued her son, Senator Mitchell. She claims her son and the bank owe her $200,000 and are back $50,000 on her annual allowance. Mrs. Mitchell's husband left her $200,000 in stock in the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance company's bank, $50,000 annuity, and his magnificent residence. Mrs. Mitchell in 1887 executed a release of dowry in favor of her son, making at the same time a private agreement that she should be allowed an annuity of $50,000. This she claims has not been paid this year.

Anti-Option Bill.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—Senator Washburn of Minnesota, the father of the anti-option bill and who made so vigorous and protracted a fight in its behalf in the Fifty-second congress, intimates that he will not seek to call up this measure during the extra session because in his opinion the financial question should first be settled. If, later, the bill should again be brought forward, he said, he would call up the substitute of Senator George instead of his own bill, because the George amendment was not a revenue measure and did not need to originate in the house.

The Kaiser Sails for Home.

LONDON, Aug. 7.—Emperor William left Cowes, where he spent the past week attending the yacht races. He returns to Germany on the imperial yacht Hohenzollern, on which he made the journey from Kiel. As the emperor sailed away salutes were fired and he was heartily cheered by the crowds that had gathered to witness his departure. He has given a sum of money to be divided among the officers and crew of his sailing yacht Meteor as a token of his satisfaction at the manner in which they handled the craft in the race in which she took part.

Resigned in Disgust.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 7.—A dispatch received here from Cheyenne, Wy., says: It is generally understood here that Hon. A. C. Beckwith, the governor's appointee to the United States senate, has resigned the position, being dissatisfied with the delay and struggle which has attended his admission to the senate. Hon. A. L. New, the recently appointed internal revenue collector for this state, has gone to Washington, and it is expected that he will present credentials signed by Governor Osborne on the first day of the extra session.

Tramps Killed in a Wreck.

DANVILLE, Ills., Aug. 7.—A number of tramps were thought to have been killed in the wreck on the Big Four railroad, but no bodies have been found. The accident was a bad one, but, strange to say, none of the railroad men was fatally injured. Two freight trains collided on the iron bridge over the North Fork river and the shock knocked the trusses of the bridge off the pier into a river, sixty-three feet below. An engine and thirty-two cars also went down. The loss will be $100,000.

Looted a Bank.

NEW YORK, Aug. 7.—A special to The Tribune from San Francisco says: The looting of the Pacific bank of San Francisco by the sons of old Dr. R. H. McDonald has caused a sensation here. The failure of the bank was bad enough, with more than $1,500,000 loaned on poor securities, but the examination of the bank commissioners has brought to light gross peculations. The two brothers have obtained from the bank within four years fully $800,000 for which there is nothing to show.

Expected a $3,000,000 Loan.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 7.—The Pennsylvania railroad has effected a $3,000,000 loan in London at 6 per cent. interest, to complete improvements now under way. Consolidated mortgage 4 per cent. bonds, a portion of which were recently sold at 102½ were given as security. It is understood that the bankers who loaned the money have an option to take the bonds at 101.

Nail Factory Destroyed.

OAKLAND, Cal., Aug. 7.—The factory of the Pacific Nail works burned early in the morning. Loss estimated at $250,000. The works had been shut down for three months. Only a watchman was on duty. The fire originated in the corner of the factory. Cause unknown. Insured for $175,000, $8,000 of which applied to the part destroyed.

Dry Goods Firm in Trouble.

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—James H. Walker & Co., a prominent dry goods house here, have confessed judgment for $5,000.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for th Busy Reader.

Anthony Drexel Biddle, grandson of the late A. J. Drexel, who comes into $1,000,000 under the will of the late banker, is a reporter on the local staff of the Philadelphia Ledger.

The steamer John K. Flower burned to the water's edge while tied up on the Indiana shore, one mile below New Albany. Loss, $10,000.

Katie Eckert, 9 years old, was accidentally shot and killed at Heth Township, Ind., by Carrie Perkiser, 18 years old.

The executive committee of the Southern Illinois Soldiers' and Sailors' association in session at Centralia, Ills., decided to hold the reunion of 1893 at Centralia Oct. 4, 5 and 6.

Maurice J. Kelley has sued The Republic of St. Louis for $10,000 for charging him with being the cause of the death of his brother, M. H. Kelley.

The managers of the Farmers' Elevator association at St. Paul have decided to close their elevators rather than operate them under the rules of the new law.

J. M. Fishback, an operator at Saffordsville, Kan., was shot presumably by a tramp who intended to rob the station and was frightened by the effect of his shot. Fishback will probably recover.

C. P. Moore, an agent for the Chicago clothiers, Murphy & Fox, committed suicide at Tacoma, Wash., by taking morphine.

* * *

Fifty-six men deserted the coast defense vessel Monterey at San Francisco because of heat when the ship is under steam.

M. Moak has begun a $2,000 damage suit against Fred Osterberg at Galesburg, Ills., for alienating his wife's affections.

Michael Cuddy, while intoxicated, tried to gain entrance to the house of his uncle, Henry Dodd, at Sellersburg, Ind., and was shot to death by Dodd, who thought he was a burglar.

Prisoners were discovered sawing their way out of the jail at Peru, Ind., in time to prevent a wholesale delivery.

The Chicago and Central Indiana Electric railroad began the work of constructing tracks at Noblesville, Ind.

Fires: At Rhinelander, Wis., the sawmill of Chafee & Co. burned; loss $300,000, insurance $15,000. At Columbus, O., fire partially destroyed the building of Wilkins, Hollock & Co.; loss $3,000.

By the derailment of a Mobile and Ohio freight train near Belleville, Ills., Brakeman Elbert Murray was killed, Frank Sanders seriously injured and James Carson had his leg broken.

* * *

The Illinois superintendent of insurance has refused to license the Independent Order of Foresters to do an insurance business in that state, claiming that the order is debarred under the new law. A suit will be begun.

Some unknown person under cover of darkness made a murderous assault on E. B. Chapin, editor Champaign County (Ills.) News, cutting him about the head and breaking his left arm.

Coroner Langsdale of Kansas City has commenced an inquest into the death of Henry S. Elmore, who died July 24. His son suspects foul play, and suspicion rests on Mrs. Elmore.

Officers of the Indianapolis Bank of Commerce have decided that it shall reopen in sixty days for business.

A massmeeting was held at Terre Haute, Ind., to devise a plan for the relief of the 1,600 idle men there.

Patrolman Douglass Friedlander was arrested at Belleville, Ills., on a charge of larceny.

Lena Ecubert, 6 years old, of Massillon, O., played with matches, set her clothes on fire and was burned to a crisp.

* * *

P. Romayne, 22 years old, fell into the lake at Racine, Wis., and was drowned.

An artesian well was struck at Chamberlain, S. D., near the Missouri river. The flow is estimated at over three thousand gallons a minute.

Grasshoppers are damaging the crops about Hillsboro, Ills. Many fields of clover and corn have been destroyed.

E. Coburn, father of the chief of police at Pana, Ills., was struck and killed by an Illinois Central engine.

William Alsop escaped from the Indiana prison south by deliberately walking away.

Boys playing with matches caused a fire in an Iron Mountain, Mich., toolhouse. One of the boys was burned to death.

Nick Kessler lost a leg by reaching for a hand rail on an Elgin, Joliet and Eastern car which was missing. A Kane county, Ills., jury has given him $5,000 damages.

* * *

While cleaning a revolver Lorenz Kaufman, a saloon keeper of Belleville, Ills., accidentally shot and killed his 12-year-old daughter, Mary.

Ralph McAllister, 18 years old, son of D. C. McAllister, committed suicide at Morrison, Ills., by shooting himself.

A. M. Noel, a wealthy stock dealer, was killed at Flora, Ills., by an Ohio and Mississippi passenger train. He was deaf and walked in front of the train.

Large as a Dollar

Were the scrofula sores on my poor little boy, sickening and disgusting. They were especially severe on his legs, back of his ears and on his head. His hair was so matted that combing was sometimes impossible. His legs were so bad that sometimes he could not sit down, and when he tried to walk his legs would crack open and the blood start. Physicians did not effect a cure. I decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two weeks the sores commenced to heal up; the scales came off and all over his body new and healthy flesh and skin formed. When he had taken two bottles of

Jos. Ruby.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

he was entirely free from sores." HARRY E. RUBY, Box 356, Columbia, Pennsylvania.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, reliable, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable. 25c

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. Address, DR. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, AUGUST 12, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Denman Thompson.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Soudan."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ENGLAND STILL VIOLATING THE SO-CALLED "UNION" TREATY.

The movement among the Irish Independents, or Parnellites, as the opposition calls them, in hostility to the Home Rule bill, as reported from committee of the whole to the English commons, would seem to be extending quite formidably. A recent number of the *Irish Daily Independent*, the Parnelliete organ, says of it:

"We are glad to see that the public boards throughout the country are expressing their opinion of the Irish Whig treachery—treachery not only to Ireland but to the democratic party in the three Kingdoms—in voting for the truncation of the Irish seats by lopping off at one blow twenty-three members. In another article today we detail the way in which this act, which was too deliberate to call it imbecility, was done. At Drogheda, last week, at Clonmel, at Athlone, and at Carlow, the local boards expressed their opinion of the action of the so-called National representatives of Ireland. Today we publish the resolutions of the Balbriggan and Carrick-on-Suir boards. From Lismore issued a torch which cannot be extinguished. It cannot be said that this denunciation has issued from anywhere except from the people themselves. Their intelligence alone, their political honesty, and their National integrity urged them on to the course which they are now deliberately taking at their respective boards. It was our duty to point out the facts—it is the people's duty to act upon them. They do not require instruction from a public journal. The history of the matter is, sad to say, too plain. If we have any foresight as to the course which the entire country will take on this vital question, we may presage without fear of being wrong that universal condemnation of the conduct of Mr. Sexton and those who voted with him will be its verdict."

THE CITIZEN, while it deprecates the bad habit of calling names indulged in by the *Independent*, in connection with the other "wing" of the Irish party, cannot refrain from expressing its concurrence in the action of the Irish boards, which was honest, manly and, above all else, timely. We have held, from the first, that the Irish representation at Westminster should be entirely abolished, or else maintained in its present strength. England is responsible for the decrease in the population of Ireland, and should bear the consequences. Ireland was guaranteed not less than one hundred members under the Act of Union, but, of course, English guarantees, unless the British government is dealing with equal or superior forces, are proverbially worthless. England is, in fact, at least so far as the countries subject to her are concerned, the Mother of Broken Treaties. Her breach of the Treaty of Amiens with France, in the beginning of this century, led to the great war which began at Ulm and Austerlitz in 1805, and ended at Waterloo in 1815. With Ireland she has broken three treaties, that of Limerick, in 1691, followed by the Penal laws, which continued in almost unbroken force until 1793; that with Grattan, when he won Irish parliamentary independence in 1782; and the Act of Renunciation, passed in 1783, and followed, seventeen years later, by the passage of the fraudulent Act of Union. The Disestablishment of the Irish church destroyed the fifth clause of that infamous act, and, consequently, the whole so-called treaty is vitiated from every standpoint; except in so far as British bayonets keep its mutilated remains in operation. But the English "conscience" can reconcile itself to every absurdity. It has no regard for "treaties" when they conflict with the interests of the empire—except, as we have said, when it confronts a power that will stand no nonsense, and is in a position to assert its rights by force of arms.

Later information from Ireland, under date of the 9th inst., says that "the convention of the Parnellite section of the Irish Parliamentary party was held in the Rotunda in Dublin on Wednesday, John E. Redmond, member of the house of commons for Waterford City, presiding. Resolutions were adopted declaring that the refusal of the government to amend the injustice of the financial proposals of the Home Rule bill was degrading, and that the restrictions placing the Irish legislature under the imperial parliament, without power to control taxation or develop the national interests, coupled with the reduction of the number of Irish representatives in the imperial parliament, render the bill impossible of acceptance by the Irish people." This sounds ominous, but it may have the good effect of causing amendments to the bill in the house of commons that may get rid of the vital defects complained of. We hope that this will be the case, because, while we deplore the weakness of the measure, we sincerely think the utter defeat of the Home Rule bill would be a grievous disaster to Ireland.

IRISH NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION.

Next Tuesday will be Aug. 15, Lady Day, and the 295th anniversary of the Irish victory of the Yellow Ford. It will be the seventeenth annual celebration of that splendid event by the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county. These demonstrations have won more than a continental fame. Their proceedings have made ground-work of debate in the British parliament in the historic days of the first Home Rule bill battle. The Ogden Grove assemblages have been addressed by the foremost men of our race in this country and in Ireland, and also by American statesmen of world-wide renown. No act of violence or disorder has ever sullied their record. They have been a credit to the Irish-American people, not alone here but throughout the union, and all efforts made by factiously disposed persons, who are never contented except when exhibiting before all men the inherent barbarity of tribal feuds and personal bitterness, which ought to have no place in this country and century of civilization, have failed to turn the tide of public approval from those splendid gatherings. The fell demon of discord would seem to be again invoked this year of World's congresses, for the purpose apparently of making the inhabitants of the earth believe that "the base English tradition" is true, and that Irishmen are unfit for self-government. They can have no other object.

The United Irish societies have never yet sought to trespass on the privileges of any of their fellow-countrymen. They set Aug. 15 apart years ago as a day on which all could unite for the glory of the Old Land, and any scandal that has resulted from wretched internecine quarrels in Chicago cannot be justly laid at their door. They refuse to be parties to senseless faction, and, as it takes two parties to make a quarrel, their opponents must divide among themselves if they want to "regale" the eyes of the American people, and their cosmopolitan visitors, with the sorry spectacle of an Irish factious fight. They fill the American press with taunts and gibes, which cannot fail to bring their native country, their kindred and themselves into public ridicule, but the unholy work must go on, it appears, in order that a few factionists, otherwise inconsequential, may be boomed into a fictitious importance, for selfish purposes. Well, let them so proceed—we wish them much joy, if joy there be in it, of their ignoble mission. The United Irish societies will continue on the even tenor of their way, until the cause, which they are pledged to uphold, is triumphant.

The orators of the day at Ogden Grove, next Tuesday, will be the Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Mass., ex-collector of internal revenue of that city; and the Hon. T. B. Minihan, of Omaha, a leading lawyer of our sister State of Nebraska. Both gentlemen are orators, in the best sense of that designation, and their addresses will be a treat to the thousands who will gather to hear them. The meetings will be called to order by John F. Finerty, president of the United Irish societies, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and at 8 o'clock in the evening. Mr. W. H. Joyce will preside at the first meeting, which will be addressed by Messrs. Minihan and M. P. Brady. Mr. M. J. Keane will preside at the evening meeting, which will be addressed by Messrs. Fitzgerald and Finerty.

The display of fireworks at night will be on a scale of splendor never excelled at Ogden Grove, and will comprise many historic designs and figures calculated to fire the Irish heart with patriotic enthusiasm. The celebration will, in fact, be even grander than the great gatherings of other years.

IRISH-AMERICANS WARNED.

THE CITIZEN takes occasion to warn the Irish-American people of this city against certain misleading reports published in a daily paper regarding the alleged action of some Irish societies in reference to the Irish celebration at Ogden Grove, on Aug. 15. These reports are published in a spirit of mischief, and are simply intended to mislead and sow dissension. The Irish-American people will this year, as in the past, show their faith in the patriotism of the United Irish Societies by going to Ogden Grove, on Lady Day, in greater numbers than ever before. The mischief-maker is abroad, intent on breeding faction. He seems to have got hold of one or two of the daily papers, but his malevolence will be vainly exerted. Forewarned is forearmed.

THE UGLY BRITISH "JACK."

Some practical joker, over in London, has been saying, by cable, that the British were afraid to celebrate their World's Fair Day here, because there are 400,000 Irish in Chicago. The Irish, of course, laugh at the statement, but there will always be found constitutional fools silly enough to believe the most absurd of rumors. The Irish settled here, who are Americans de facto and de jure, in the sense of citizenship, are much too level-headed to interfere with guests of their adopted country, whatever may be their differences with them on the Irish question. If the United States should, at any time, see fit to invite the Devil to come here, and go a-junketing through the country, the Irish would not be the first to object to his presence. They would, first, have to hear from Evanston, Hyde Park and the Methodist conferences. We have no doubt that the stalwart suburbanites and our aggressive Methodistic friends would clean out the old gentleman before we had time to interfere, and thus bring on "strained relations" between the Republic and "Auld Clootie."

But some of our Anglo-Scoto American friends are very gullible—easily imposed upon in matters outside their own country. Thus, we have our morning contemporary, the *Record*, giving voice, in connection with the British demonstration, to the sentiments of some sly old Irish Tory rat, masquerading as a harmless home rule mouse. This person was interviewed by a *Record* reporter and expressed himself thus:

"The story is like the yarn about an Irishman having caused the loss of the man-of-war Victoria. There is one good reason, however, for discrediting it entirely, for the British government never under any pretext appropriates money for public processions either at home or abroad. Again, considering the close alliance which now exists between the British government and the Irish Nationalists whose votes keep the Gladstone government in power, it does not seem reasonable that just as the Home Rule bill is on the point of passage a statement of the sort mentioned would be make officially. Lord Rosebery, who is the secretary of state for foreign affairs, is an ardent Home Ruler, and would not permit such a slur to emanate from his department. If the Union Jack of Great Britain and Ireland—not of England let me say—should be carried through our streets, only an ignorant Irishman would dream of insulting it and for this reason: On the Union Jack is St. Patrick's cross, which is Ireland's oldest emblem. With this cross are St. George's and St. Andrew's, the three together being the old pre-reformation(?) emblem of unity. Formerly England had St. George's cross on her flag. When Scotland came in in 1700-and-something, St. Andrew's cross was added. In the beginning of the century Ireland joined the Union, and then St. Patrick's cross was joined to the other two. And because the emblem is three crosses no decent Irishman would dream of insulting the flag."

Now if there is one sight more than another which makes a decent Irishman sick at the stomach it is the ghastly rag known as the British Union Jack. St. Patrick's cross is not Ireland's oldest emblem, or anything like it. Said cross is mostly an English invention, originating most likely with the pious Norman rascals who stole the country in the name of a deceased English Pope. The cross of Christ is the only cross that Ireland ever recognized as a nation. All the other crosses, St. George's, St. Andrews, et al, remind her only of invasion and plunder. The "Union Jack" is not a pleasant sight for Irishmen who know their country's history, and who remember that, since its adoption, their native island has lost more people, by famine and emigration, than in all her previous history, gloomy and troublous as it was. Ireland "joined the Union" at the beginning of this century under the protest of twenty-seven counties out of thirty-two, and with 140,000 British bayonets pointed at her breast. The "Union Jack"—the ugliest flag, from an artistic standpoint, that disfigures the sky—is a fitting emblem of that base and bloody consummation.

Yet, ugly as it is, and detestable as it is, from an Irish standpoint, the "Union Jack" will not be insulted by American Irishmen, on this soil, simply because they are law-respecting citizens, and have no desire to stir up bad blood in times of peace. The British flag has unpleasant memories for all kinds of Americans, who cannot fail to remember how it waved over the legions who burned Washington in 1814, not to mention other unpleasant memories connected with it. The garish thing is pleasing in aspect to nobody, except the British, but, while it may offend the eyesight of the average citizen, it must be tolerated under the laws of hospitality, just as people often tolerate disagreeable visitors who insist on making themselves at home in their houses. In this connection we may say that the pretense put forward in the *Record*, or its evening edition, that self-respecting Irishmen would join in a British parade and triumph, belongs to the region of "fancies," not "facts."

CHAMBERLAIN KICKS AGAIN.

The following was telegraphed by cable from London, on Tuesday: In the house of commons today William MacCartney, Conservative member for the southern division of Antrim, moved the adoption of an amendment to the Home Rule bill providing in effect that the Irish members who shall be retained in the imperial parliament shall vote on no motion, bill or amendment, except motions that shall be made amendatory to the Home Rule bill. This amendment is the one that A. J. Balfour, the Conservative leader in the house, intended to introduce last Monday, when the Home Rule bill came up on the report stage, but which his absence from the house at that time prevented him from doing. During the debate on the motion Joseph Chamberlain, the Liberal-Unionist leader, denounced the strategy of the government, by means of which a scheme was imposed on the house giving the Irish members who should be retained the right to vote on all questions. The best and only just arrangement would be the total exclusion of the Irish members from Westminster. Mr. MacCartney's motion was defeated by a vote of 221 to 181."

Well, Gladstone proposed their exclusion in 1886, and Chamberlain kicked. Now Mr. Gladstone proposes to retain eighty of them—a most shameful compromise—and Chamberlain kicks again. The fellow is a born mule, and he kicks even in his sleep.

THE SCOTTISH "UNION."

NO. 74 NEW BOWERY, NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—*To the Editor:* Reading over your excellent vindication of the slight upon Ireland under the present arrangement of the three Kingdoms, by the North American Caledonian Association, I am constrained to ask if it be not true that Lord Belhaven, the Scottish peer whose name is most prominently associated with the extinction of the soverignty of Scotland in 1707, does not stand charged in history with the sale of his country's independence for the paltry sum of £11 ($55.) This seems a miserable sum in comparison with the handsome sum of $1,000,000—a much larger sum in the currency of that period than it would be in the present—which the family of Lord Waterford, the corresponding Irish nobleman, obtained from the spoils of the Irish Union.

The Irish are own cousins of the Scottish people, but even Irish peers, according to this comparison, are immeasurably more grand even in their greed than the "father the siller" kind of ennobled representatives which that distant period of political turpitude produced in "the land o' cakes." The peace of Ireland in the imperial adjustment is undoubted, and the space which its people have since occupied in and out of parliament is unquestionably greater than Scotland's, which has nothing save the ruins of Holyrood Castle to remind us of the glorious achievements of Bruce and of Bannockburn.

Ireland has a distinct and assured place in the official phraseology of all foreign treaties made in the name of the "United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," and a resident Irish secretary, a court and viceroy of its own, while not a few Irishmen to-wit: Edmund Burke, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston and Mr. Canning, have been the virtual rulers of England or the greatest lights of her political history. Even today, while the affairs of Scotland are relegated to an obscure official termed a lord advocate, Irishmen sway the destinies of England, as in the cases of Lord Roberts, the Marquis of Dufferin, and Lord Wolseley, in the fields of arms or in the higher regions of diplomacy, while in politics the Irish party is universally acknowledged to be the arbiter of political supremacy, and not a few people believed that the hurry of Mr. Gladstone in striking down the late Mr. Parnell was due to the overmastery of the greatest and most illustrious of Englishmen by the greatest of Irish leaders.

No. The Scotch are nowhere. The spirit of obedience inculcated by the Covenantrics and by the Bible seems to have everywhere extinguished the bold and rugged spirit of the once noble, but now thoroughly tamed and subdued Scot. GEO. LIVINGSTONE,
An Englishman.

Mr. Livingstone is incorrect in regard to Lord Belhaven having accepted any bribe from England. That nobleman vehemently opposed the Anglo-Scottish Union. Our correspondent may have in mind Lord Seafield, who was a chief advocate of the measure, but, we believe, he sold out for a much larger sum than $55. That one Scotch "nobleman" accepted a bribe to the amount stated by Mr. Livingstone is sustained by Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather"—the best history of Scotland, in simple, but comprehensive, form ever written. Lords Queensberry and Stair were more prominent in the sale of Scotland's independence than was Lord Seafield. The £400,000 *advanced* to Scotland, to cut her throat, was made a charge upon her revenue, and, in that form, was paid back slowly to the English treasury. THE CITIZEN has no enmity to the Scots, as a race, and it would be proud of them, because of their kinship with Ireland, and also because of their glorious, martial history, previous to the reign of James I (James VI of Scotland) if they had remained, as they ought to have done, an independent nation. The union of the crowns—something foreseen by that shrewd royal speculator, Henry VII, of England, when he married his daughter, Margaret Tudor, to James IV—would not have been fatal to Scottish nationality, if the parliament had been preserved. The sale of the parliament extinguished Scotland, because she is completely swallowed up in the wealth and power of England. Scotchmen are simply absurd when they claim "equality" with the larger country, and twit Ireland and Wales with being "conquered provinces." Ireland, at least, feels that she is not beaten yet. Wales, because of her limited size and population, has been compelled to accept the inevitable, but while she has surrendered her distinctiveness, as an independent state, she has preserved her language, her literature and her customs, and, in this sense, is really more national than either Scotland or Ireland.

THE CITIZEN thinks it would have been much wiser for England to have allowed "the golden link of the crown" to be the only tie between herself and the three subject countries. They might have formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, and arrived at a mutually beneficial commercial understanding; but the English statesmen have ever been grasping. Gladstone is trying to remedy the errors of his predecessors in regard to Ireland, but his method is not thorough, and, therefore, will not be satisfactory. No doubt, if Irish home rule finally becomes a law, the Federal principle will eventually prevail in Great Britain and Ireland. Each of the countries will have national, not provincial, legislatures, and an imperial parliament, to legislate on the affairs of the empire at large, will assemble in Westminster.

This would be the realization of the American idea, and nothing stands in its way but the pride and prejudice of the English governing classes. They wish to keep Ireland, Scotland and Wales in their present position, which is unnatural, and, therefore, a chronic grievance, that must be remedied in the near future. Assuredly, if Ireland should obtain any respectable measure of self-government, and that it works well, Scotland and Wales will not be satisfied with less. Then England herself will demand a legislature, for purely English affairs, where the Scotch, Welsh and Irish can have no voice. This picture may seem overdrawn today, but Insular Europe must move with the times or break into fragments.

With the exception of Edmund Burke, why was barely within the pale of Irish nationalism, the "Irishmen" mentioned by Mr. Livingstone as having brought glory to the British Empire were, or are, Irish only in name. Their native country, or the Irish race in general, has no pride in them or in their achievements. THE CITIZEN has much more respect for a full-fledged Englishman than for any anti-Irish Irishman who has aided in fixing the English fetters on the limbs of his motherland.

THE O'CONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Rev. C. McCarthy, Cahirciveen, Ireland, is at present in Chicago collecting funds for the completion of the O'Connell Memorial Church, which is being built to the memory of the Liberator in his native town of Cahirciveen, county Kerry. "Begun in 1885," says Father McCarthy, "blessed and sanctioned by Pope Leo XIII., mainly built by the offerings of the Irish race throughout the world, it has so far advanced toward completion that the stonework is almost finished and all but ready for the roof. Canon Brosnan, the aged pastor of Cahirciveen, who originated the work, and who knew O'Connell intimately in private life, for the first time in the history of the church, is in urgent need of funds. The works have been suspended and seized for a debt of some thousand dollars, which he is unable to meet. He appeals to the generosity of the Irish race in this great country, who never deserted a priest working for God and Ireland. This church will be the grandest monument yet raised to the memory of O'Connell, the emancipator of Irish Catholics, the benefactor of his country, one of Ireland's most distinguished sons, and one of the greatest minds of the nineteenth century." Father McCarthy will gratefully acknowledge any donations sent for this charitable purpose, to Gore's hotel, Clark street. All lovers of the old land and admirers of O'Connell visiting the World's Fair may also help, says he, by going into the Irish Village (Mrs. Hart's) where the beautiful model of the church is exhibited, and purchasing photographs of O'Connell, of the church, of Carhan house, where he was born, and of the famous Darrynane Abbey, the seat of the O'Connell family. Father McCarthy has received the following gracious letter of approbation from Archbishop Feehan, who has been a most generous patron and firm supporter of the church from the beginning:

CHICAGO, July 28.—*Rev. and Dear Sir:* The effort being made by Canon Brosnan to build the O'Connell Memorial Church has my fullest sympathy. I hope your effort here at the present time will meet with a hearty response from the people. Yours most sincerely,
P. A. FEEHAN,
Archbishop Chicago.

The Very Rev. Canon Brosnan has made the building of the O'Connell church a labor of love, and has left nothing undone to arouse the Irish people to the importance of its completion. THE CITIZEN, while by no means an indorser of O'Connell's unfortunate peace policy, or "no drop of blood" absurdity, holds his memory in respect as an Irishman of wonderful genius who, in his vigorous days, did much to arouse the spirit of his countrymen and lead them to victory in the matter of religious equality. The shortcomings of his old age may well be forgiven for the services of his prime, and THE CITIZEN thinks it would reflect little credit on Irishmen, wherever placed, to leave his memorial church in an unfinished state. Father McCarthy will acknowledge any subscriptions that may be sent to him through the columns of THE CITIZEN and other newspapers of the city.

MR. WILLIAM DILLON.

Chicago has recently added to her population Mr. William Dillon, the brother of Mr. John Dillon, the member of parliament. William is the elder of the two by about a year and a half. He is a native of the United States, having been born in New York while his father was living there after the '48 troubles.

He was educated for the Irish bar and studied for two years in London, with an eminent real property and equity lawyer, at Lincoln's Inn. He was called to the Irish bar in 1874, having passed the final examination second on the honor list. From 1874 to 1879 he practiced as a barrister in Dublin. At the end of the year 1879, he was obliged to give up his practice, owing to ill health, and he then came to the United States. He spent the first half of the year 1880 in Chicago, where he made many friends, and he was admitted a member of the Illinois bar during his stay here. Owing to the state of his health, he did not then attempt to practice in Chicago, but went on to Colorado in the summer of 1880, where he has since resided. For the first few years of his stay in Colorado he lived upon a ranch. Having completely regained his health, he resumed the practice of his profession in Colorado some eight years ago. He now comes back to Chicago and purposes to practice law here. Mr. Dillon has his office in the U. S. Express building, No. 87 East Washington street. THE CITIZEN hopes for him a long, brilliant and prosperous career in this great city.

GAELIC GAMES.

The Gaelic games at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue, last Sunday, brought out a large attendance. In the football game the Emeralds beat the Liberators by a score of 1 goal and 5 points to 3 points.

Liberators—P. H. Boyle, W. Boyle, J. Moriarty, D. Moriarty, M. Moriarty, D. Hancock, J. Foley, D. Devine, M. Hanafin, W. Williams, T. Shea, D. Healey, J. Carroll, J. Foley, H. Brown, J. Quinlan.

Emeralds—W. Perkins, Capt. P. Mahony, J. Perkins, D. Boyle, D. Tobin, James Perkins, Patrick Perkins, J. Welsh, I. Ahearn, T. McCormick, P. Cuneen, T. Mungovan, H. Kane, J. Tierney, Enright J. Crotty, J. Callinan.

The hurling match between the Davitts and O'Mahoney's proved to be the event of the season. Neither side had suffered defeat, and for sixty minutes the spectators were treated to what was undoubtedly the finest exhibition of hurling ever seen in this city; and the friendly spirit of the contest was a pleasing feature. The O'Mahoneys defended the northern goal. The blue-shirted Davitts surprised their opponents with the suddenness of their attack, as inside of two minutes D. Ahearn saved a goal. This feat he duplicated, and soon after loud shouts from the O'Mahoney followers announced the fall of the Davitt goal, and hardly had they ceased when the feat was repeated. At the interval the score was: Davitts, three goals, five points; O'Mahoneys, two goals five points.

O'Mahoneys—Goal, P. Healey; backs, I. How, Davis; half-backs, J. Connell, J. Connors, C. Clifford; right wing, W. Sheehan, S. Healey, J. Harrington; left wing, W. Kennedy, Murphy G. O'Donnell; forward, Barry; extreme, Dunne; left, M. Casey; right, J. Sullivan, and Capt. Howe, center.

Davitts—Goal, Benton; backs, Ryan, Fleming; half-backs, Keating, F. Ryan, Farrell; right wing, M. Ahearn, Hayes, Flinn; left wing, Furlong, E. Ahearn, M. Lehane; center, Powers, D. Ahearn, Hurley; forwards, Gourley, Nelligan, O'Ryan.

The game will be played again.

Are You Nervous.

Are you all tired out, do you have that tired feeling or sick headache? You can be relieved of all these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla which gives nerve and bodily strength.

Hood's Pills are easy in action.

CYCLE OF THE CENTURY.

Otherwise the Great Ferris Wheel, Which Dominates Every Other Object at the World's Fair.

A Young American Engineer Produces in This Mammoth Structure the Most Marvelous Mechanical Contrivance Known to Mankind.

Technical Details of the Construction of the Modern Wonder of the World.

All who have visited the World's Columbian Exposition, even those who came here with prejudice against it created by false and interested reports, acknowledge that it is the most marvelous aggregation of human ingenuity and enterprise ever given to the world. All that is best in the architecture that "sanctified the dust of Greece and crowned the hills of Rome" is grouped together there in all its stately and varied beauty. The City of the World—lacking only its seven historic elevations;—Athens, in the days when her statesmen and orators fired the hearts of the Grecians against the legions of Darius and Xerxes; Florence, in the fulness of her middle age glory; Venice, with her superb colonnades and gondola-rippled waters; the luxury of the Orient; the intellect of the Occident; the savagery of the African, American and Malayan aborgines—all these marvels can be looked upon by those who visit the mighty exposition.

Among the wonders of the ancient world may be chiefly classed the Pyramids and Sphynx of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Colosseum of Rome. In modern times, men have been astonished by the completion of the Suez canal; the growth of steam and electric power; the construction of mighty bridges, spanning, by a single arch, the mightiest cataract rivers in the world; the building of the Eiffel tower in Paris and other marvels of human creation; but it remained for a young and gifted American, George Washington Gale Ferris, a native of Galesburg, in our own state, to conceive and bring to perfection the crowning wonder of the wonderful Nineteenth Century.

No matter from which point of the compass the World's Fair may be approached, there will be seen, dominating all else by its majestic extent and unique construction, a mammoth cycle, reaching, in its diameter, 250 feet into the air, and revolving on its mighty axis, 36 little worlds, called passenger cars, each of which can comfortably accommodate forty human beings. Their revolution reminds the beholder of the solar system—the radical difference being that the heavenly planets move in independent orbits, while the Ferris wheel asteroids have a common orbit.

Whosoever enters one of these star lets and makes the two revolutions of the cycle, which are comprised in the complete trip, will, at once, understand, in part at least, the ease with which we bear the annual and diurnal revolutions of this earth we live on. Just as on the earth we are unconscious of its motion, so, in the Ferris wheel, the two revolutions are made without any sense of discomfort. The wheel moves serenely on its axis, and the passenger, like the ordinary dweller on the earth's surface, has his head ever pointing toward the sky. This, of itself, is a triumph of engineering skill and mechanical contrivance, and makes the Ferris wheel the greatest wonder of the age.

The passenger cars are so arranged for perfect observation, that the patrons of the wheel enjoy every perspective, from the horizon to the zenith, and when the latter is reached, one of the grandest panoramas ever gazed upon by human vision is spread out all around the entranced observer—the domes and facades of the white robed city; the azure surface of the great lake, broken here and there by white-crested billows; the stately steamers coming and going between the Exposition grounds and the business center of the mighty metropolis, whose countless spires and roofs, often hazy in the vapors of the factory and business palace, rise toward the north; the chameleon-like hues of the Midway Plaisance, with its million flags and banners, representing all the tribes of earth; the illimitable prairie, dotted with dwellings, beautified by groves and gemmed by lakes and streams, stretching south and west; the everlasting throngs of people moving along the drives and in the Exposition grounds; the hundreds of trains in ceaseless motion to and fro, make up a melange of wonders never equalled in ancient or modern times.

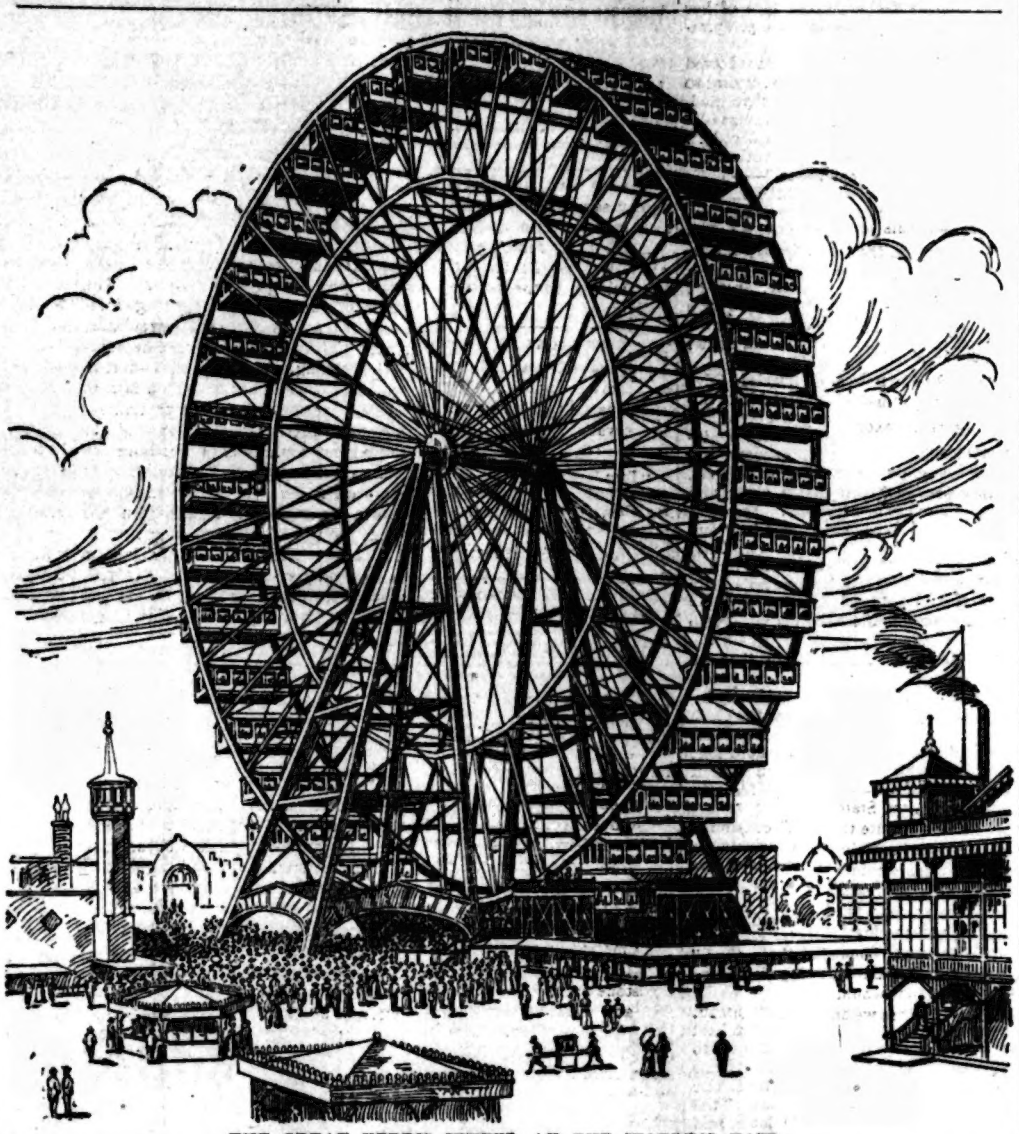
Having said so much of the general effect placed within the scope of vision, it may be well to give some of the technical features of the great invention:

"In reality," says a scientific writer, "there are two wheels, twins, thirty feet apart, but it takes them both to make the Ferris wheel. These twins are connected by iron rods and struts which do not approach nearer than tweenty feet to the periphery. Outside of these rods the cars are hung and supported by steel bars of about five inches in thickness extending from one wheel to the other. Each wheel has for its outline a curved iron beam 25½ by 19 inches. Forty feet inside is another beam, forming a smaller circle. From these beams or circles extends the massive iron truss work which holds them together.

The axle on which the great wheel turns is a steel bar 32 inches thick and 45 feet long. It is fastened to each of the twin wheels in a steel hub 16 feet in diameter. All of this great mass, the hubs and the two circles, is held together by 2½-inch steel rods, arranged to run out in pairs from the axle, to spread 13 feet apart at the circumference.

The passenger cars are 27 feet long 13 feet wide and 9 feet high, and each weighs 13 tons.

The wheel, with its passengers, weighs 1,500 tons. The whole thing rests on two pyramidal towers at the axis. The towers are 140 feet high, forty by fifty feet at the base, and six feet square at the top. Each tower has four feet resting on twenty-foot cube concrete foundations. Underneath these are cross bars of steel. The motive power comes from a 2,000-horse power engine under the wheel. It finds no difficulty in revolving the wheel and the passengers as fast as the latter want to go. There is a brake on, however, to regulate the speed and stop everything in case of danger. The wheel is moved by cogs on the periphery passing over a chain that looks like a mammoth bicycle chain. In the construction every precaution has been taken against accident. No one need fear to ride in the great wheel."



THE GREAT FERRIS WHEEL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

Mr. Ferris, the inventor, is still in the early prime of manhood. He was, although born in Illinois, educated in California, after which he took a thorough course in civil engineering at the famous Reunselaer Polytechnic Institute, of Troy, N. Y., and graduated in 1881 with high honors. He was soon employed superintending the Louisville Bridge works across the Ohio river and won additional laurels. Subsequently he went to Pittsburg to inspect bridge material, and has since made his home in that city.

He attended the banquet given to the architects and engineers in this city two years ago, and was much impressed by the speeches made on the occasion—especially that of Mr. Burnham, who said that the architects had more than surpassed expectations in their provision for the housing of the Fair, but that the engineers had not up to date done anything to illustrate the originality of American inventive genius. He suggested that something different from the Eiffel Tower, and surpassing it in grandeur, should be devised, in order to maintain American prestige. This put Mr. Ferris on his mettle, and, after a period of profound meditation on the subject, he evolved from the depths of his own capacious brain the giant cycle destined to make his name immortal among inventors.

When all was completed in his own mind, he submitted the details of his plans to the World's Fair directors, and, after long deliberation, and many vacillations, which kept back the work much longer than the inventor desired, the concession was, at last, granted, and the grand project was carried out to its consummation. It cost Mr. Ferris $25,000, in plans and models alone, before the concession was finally obtained.

The work on the wheel foundations was begun on Jan. 3 of this year. An excavation of 35 feet in depth was made, and of this amount, 20 feet were through quicksand. Finally perseverance and genius conquered all difficulties, and the structure speedily began to assume shape. This part of the work was under the superintendency of Mr. L. V. Rice, resident engineer of the St. Louis Union Depot, who, with the mercury 10° below zero, kept three steam pumps going, and used live steam on his concrete to prevent it from freezing solid before it could be put in place, with the tremendous steel bars which solidify the eight foundation towers. These towers under the ground are 20 feet square and 35 feet deep. To these concrete towers are firmly bolted the steel towers which rise 140 feet in the air to support the axle of the Ferris wheel, and the steel towers cannot be toppled without pulling up the concrete foundations.

The axle on which the wheel revolves is the largest shaft ever forged. It is 45 feet long, 32 inches in diameter, weighs 56 tons and was forged by two men and a boy at the Bethlehem Iron Works in Pennsylvania. This gigantic shaft had to be raised 140 feet and placed in its sockets on the tops of the towers. The great hubs were then placed on the shaft and the work of hanging the wheel began. Beginning at the bottom the heavy castings which form the rims of the two wheels—for there are two with the cars hanging between—were hung one by one on rods which carry the weight of the wheel. Slowly the circle was completed and the last of the sections, each side of it on the rim and the weight centring at the bottom of the wheel. Other wheels have been built on a small scale, but they were on the old plan, a stiff wheel with spokes bearing up the weight above as well as that suspended below. This is the first attempt to build a tension or hanging wheel of large proportions.

The highest point of the wheel is 265 feet above the surface of the earth. The diameter, as has been said, is 250 feet, and the circumference 825, the entire structure being raised fifteen feet above the ground.

To add to the splendor of the Ferris invention, it is illuminated at night by 1,400 incandescent electric lights, which revolve along with it, producing a most majestic and dazzling effect. These lights are distributed so that there are 360 on each side in circles 250 feet in diameter, 200 lights on each side a circle 170 feet in diameter, and two smaller circles, near the hub of the great wheel, having 140 lights each. Over 1,000 additional lamps have also been placed in the neighborhood of the wheel, so that the whole effect produced by the combined means of illumination is superb beyond description.

About 350,000 people have already patronized the great cycle, and still the crowds come thronging toward it, as, indeed, they cannot help doing, seeing that it is by far the most prominent and imposing object in the landscape, from either the land or the water. It is, certainly, the greatest engineering work of the age, and has opened up a new field of scientific research, fraught with great benefit to humanity.

THE SARSFIELD BICENTENARY.

On July 19, two hundred years ago, Patrick Sarsfield fell upon the field of Landen. He was carried from the battlefield to Huy. There a few days after (on July 23) he died of his wounds, and was buried in an unknown grave, but the memory of his achievements and of his devotion to Ireland is as bright today as his own sword on the battle morn. A soldier of fortune, he was loyal to a worthless king. Abandoned by his king he continued to fight for him, believing that his cause was identified with that of Ireland. Sneered at by the poltroon James as "a brave fellow, but scantily supplied with brains," he rejected the repeated overtures of William, one of the first soldiers of his time, who recognized (not without good cause) the abilities of the soldier who alone of those against him in Ireland was able to cope with him. When he marched out with the honors of war from Limerick, it was after a defense which has given a lustre to the old city by the Shannon as bright as the sunlight flashing on its waters, and when he believed he had made favorable terms for his countrymen in a treaty sealed with the honor of King William, in which, incapable of harboring a suggestion of dishonor himself, he trusted, and when, facing exile and the inevitable hardships of foreign fields, William offered to restore him his great estates which had been forfeited, he proudly declined the offer rather than desert his flag. His place, he said, was with his countrymen, who trusted him, and when the blood spurted from his breast on the plains of Landen his last thought was of his country: "Oh, that this was for Ireland."

Two centuries have passed away since that cry was heard amid the din of battle, and it has echoed down through those centuries, and will continue to sound through the corridors of time stirring young Irish hearts to hope and enterprise for the land for which Sarsfield fought and for which he would have died. Descended from a line of Norman soldiers, mayhap one of his ancestors followed the white horse of "Henry, the son of Meiler," as he swam the Shannon's tide seven centuries ago to assault the walls of Limerick city, even then renowned. But on the mother's side he was "Irish of the Irish." "His mother," says a recent writer, "was a daughter of Rory O'Moore—Rory of the Hills. Anne O'Moore could trace back her descent to a period long before the name of Butler or Fitzgerald had been heard in Ireland; when the Dillons were still soldiers in Acquataine, and the Burkes had not yet taken shipping at the bidding of Rollo the Viking for the invasion of Normandy. Lugad was her ancestor, and Conall Carnach, and so on back to that dim vista before the Christian era, when Connor Macnessa ruled at Emmania over the wild tribesmen of Uladh." It was "kind" for him to be Irish, "kind" of his Irish followers to trust in him. "The huge guardsman who stood head and shoulders above his comrades, and who, with his herculean strength, his love of danger, his unfailing good temper, his transparent honesty, above all his passionate devotion to his country, appealed to every latente motion in the Celtic nature." It is idle to speculate now as to what he might have achieved for Ireland if James had had the brains to recognize his abilities and had given him full scope for using them. What he did achieve has gained for him imperishable renown. A few miles outside Dublin, in the demesne at Lucan, is the ruined castle of the Sarsfields. There also is a centotaph erected to his memory. His statue stands hard by the walls of Limerick. Some day perhaps one still more worthy of him will find a place in the capital of his nation. But he needs no stone or carven image to perpetuate his fame. That is enshrined in song and ballad and story, and as long as the Shannon river flows to the sea, so long will the name of Sarsfield be treasured in the hearts of the Irish race.—*United Ireland, July 22.*

A.O.H., Janesville, Wis.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians, Division, No. 3, and their friends, had a splendid demonstration at Crystal Springs Park, Janesville, Wis., recently. Nearly 2,000 people participated in the enjoyment of the occasion. The Rev. Father Roche, pastor of St. Mary's church, presided, and speeches were made by Gov. Peck, Attorney General O'Connor, Gen. J. B. Doe, A. O. Wilson and Mayor Thoroughgood.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, d at the cost of six cents per loaf.

HIGH-TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield,
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the the tumult runs,
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons.

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnet bled;
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armisted.

"Once more in glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee.
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works today,
The reddest day in history!"

Brave Tennessee! Reckless the way
Virginia heard her comrades say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But why shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain did Tennessean set
His bravest 'gainst the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
And all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin's red embrace.
They only heard Fame's thunder wake,
And saw the dazzling sunburst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of motherland!

They stood who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill!
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
The mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—*Boston Transcript.*

OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES COLLINS.

Mr. Charles Collins, the pioneer journalist of the Indian frontier, and more recently of California, died in this city recently, after a lingering illness, of a complication of diseases. He was married to Miss Annie Dunne, sister of Mr. P. W. Dunne, several years ago. His wife servives him. The interment was at Peoria, Ill., and was largely attended. Mr. Collins was a man of dauntless courage and untiring industry. He did more for journalism in the wild West than any man of his age, and he is sincerely mourned by all who knew him. Mr Collins was born in Ireland, but came to America when only a mere boy. He took a liking to the frontier, and became one of the best known men west of the Missouri.

DR. D. R. DYCHE.

Dr. D. R. Dyche, one of the oldest of Chicago druggists, and a gentleman held in universal respect, died at his home in Evanston last week quite unexpectedly. About two weeks ago, he developed what appeared to be a carbuncle on his upper lip. This was lanced by a competent surgeon. Inflammation set in, and, moving upward in the face, finally reached the brain and resulted in death. Dr. Dyche did an immense business at his drug store, State and Randolph streets, and he will be greatly missed by all his customers, and, indeed, by the public at large, who made his place of business a resting place, when waiting for the cars and soforth. The good natured doctpr never interfered with them, and had a kind word and ready smile for all comers. He was, indeed, a human landmark in Chicago—one of the best known men in the profession. He was one of the board of directors of the Northwestern University at Evanston, and the faculty and students of that institution passed resolutions of respect to his memory. Dr. Dyche was 68 years of age, but, up to his fatal seizure, appeared to be in the enjoyment of excellent health.

MRS. M'PHELIM.

Mrs. McPhelim, sister of Mr E. F. Kelly, and mother of Mr. E. J. McPhelim and Mrs. Kate M. Cleary, died at the residence of her brother, in this city, last week, aged 58 years. She was a lady of great personal attractions and varied accomplishments, and her death has cast a gloom over her family and friends that time cannot wholly efface.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

IRISH VILLAGE,

(Mrs. Ernest Hart's),

AND

DONEGAL CASTLE,

MIDWAY PLAISANCE, WORLD'S FAIR.

(OPPOSITE THE LIONS OF HAGENBECK.)

The Representative Exhibit of Irish Art, History, Industry, and Antiquity, which Every Irishman Should Visit.

Drogheda Gateway, Donegal Castle, Wishing Chair, Round Tower, Gallery of Portraits of Great Irishmen, Bruce Joy's Statue of Gladstone, the Memorial Chapel and Relics of Daniel O'Connell, Irish Lace, Irish Homespuns, Irish Embroideries, Irish Bog-Oak, Irish Blackthorns, Irish Linens for sale. Irish Jigs danced every afternoon on the village green. Irish Comedies in the beer garden. Irish Stew in the restaurant.

ADMISSION - - - 25 CENTS.

ENTERTAINMENT GARDEN FREE.

THE BOOKWORM.

The whole day long I sit and read
Of days when men were men indeed
And women knightlier far;
I fight with Joan of Arc; I fall
With Talbot; from my castle wall
I watch the guiding star.

But when at last the twilight falls
And hangs about the book lined walls
And creeps across the page,
Then the enchantment goes, and I
Close up my volumes with a sigh,
To greet a narrower age.

Home through the pearly dusk I go
And watch the London lamplight glow
Far off in wavering lines—
A pale gray world with primrose gleams,
And in the west a cloud that seems
My distant Apennines.

Oh, life! so full of truths to teach,
Of secrets I shall never reach;
Oh, world of here and now;
Forgive, forgive me, if a voice,
A ghost, a memory be my choice,
And more to me than thou!
—Mary F. Robinson in London Sun.

A TWO EDGED SECRET

Breakfast was nearly over, and the Baron and Baronne Silber were chatting as affectionately as lovers. She had just come from her boudoir and he from his racing stables, training courses, paddocks, etc., at Viroflay. Absorbed all day long in business in Paris, he had fallen into the habit of visiting his stud of evenings, in order to be present at dawn during the speeding of his horses.

Baron Karl Silber, an Austrian banker and financier, was an unknown nobody 10 years before. Now you could not open a morning journal of commerce, sport or anything else without running across some mention of his business, his races and racers, his dinners or his wife's beauty.

Above all, his wife's beauty, for Silber, who denied himself nothing, had indulged himself at 40 in the dangerous luxury of marrying charming Marguerite de Francmont, with whom all Paris had danced during four successive seasons, but whose poverty had reserved her for a marriage of this kind.

They lived happily enough, and Silber, recognizing his wife's really uncommon intelligence, did nothing—save in matters of finance—without consulting her with a frank and tender deference.

"Then," said he presently, rolling a last strawberry to sugar, "Guerin did come?"

"Yes, last night, just after you had started for Viroflay. I saw him and explained to him fully how you were the victim of indiscretions that brought suspicion upon you. 'Everything that passes at the stable,' said I, 'is reported straightway to the bookmakers of the Rue Vivienne. They know in advance what horse will run or be withdrawn; what horse carries the stable's money or is meant to win; briefly, daily and regularly, we are betrayed by some one. But by whom? Know this we must, for they are beginning to accuse us of dishonest practices.'"

"And he said?"

"Nothing, but asked if you suspected any one of your men?"

"No special one, by Jove! I simply suspect them all."

"Precisely what I told him, whereupon he took notes and his departure, assuring me that a special agent would be at once put in charge of so delicate a matter. He will report so soon as he discovers anything."

"Which will be soon, I hope. You have had no other visitor, my dear?"

"Not one. I dined alone and spent the evening with mother. But you, Karl, what did you do at Viroflay?"

"Always the same thing—audited accounts, paid out money, examined the colts, and by 3 o'clock was out with the trainers speeding the racers. Kronstadt is not doing as well as he should. We shall have a hard pull to keep him in shape for the 25th. Why, hello, it's 10 o'clock. I must go. It's time for business."

"But you seem so fatigued, my poor Karl."

"Zounds! I ought to be. I was up before the sun."

"But need you go to Viroflay so often, Karl?"

"Every day if I could, my dear. 'The eye of the master,' you know—above all, in the care of race horses. And I have, praise heaven, an eye that sees clearly."

"Undoubtedly, my dear," Marguerite assented calmly, tracing the tablecloth with the tip of her rosy nail. "But Guerin, I trust, will see clearer still. It is really as amusing as a play to me, dearest, to have anything to do with a detective whom they talk so much of as they talk of this Guerin."

* * * * * *

Two hours later Karl Silber, lying back in an easy chair in his office in the Rue Richelieu, smoked with half closed eyes the purest products of the Havana tobacco fields. Near him in a chair no less luxurious and with a weed drawn from the same source between his lips, young De Payzac—with a somewhat doubtful past—lolled and talked with wide open eyes, making the most of his position of intimate friend of so rich and renowned a man as the Baron Silber.

"The fact is, baron," said he, continuing the subject upon which he was launched, "you are or ought to be the happiest man in Paris today. Just think of it, the pot of money you've made at a single stroke—more than I would need to amuse me a whole, long year."

"One would say that fact annoyed you," Silber returned lazily, without stirring himself.

"Annoyed me? Not the least in the world, baron. I'm too much your friend for that. But when I contrast our two destinies! Why, everything in the world succeeds with you. Your business, look at it. It goes like a conflagration. Your racing, too, which heaven knows why you took it in to your head to try—whether your own horses win or lose, it matters not—you find a way to win with the horses of others"——

"In a word," Silber interrupted, with some show of temper, "you mean to imply, like the rest, that I purposely allow my own horses to be beaten?"

Payzac continued with an imperturbable calm and a lightly shrugged shoulder.

"But all of which is as nothing," said he, "compared with the fact that not only are you the legitimate possessor of the most beautiful woman in Paris, but you also know one not less lovely who lives in a more mysterious quarter of the city"——

This time the banker sat erect, as if pulled with a spring, and looked about him uneasily.

"Payzac," said he, "h-s-sh! You risk too much at times. You, and you only, are to know that side of my life, a secret that must not be noised abroad."

"Of course," said Payzac, "I know it, for to whom else than me do you owe the acquaintance of the fair and beautiful Wanda?"

"Also the happiness of being loved for myself alone," assented Silber gratefully. "That poor foreign girl, with her sensitive soul—positively, Payzac, she loves me like a faithful dog, though I seek always to treat her like a companion and friend. Nothing so binds women to us as letting them believe they fully share in our lives. The baronne, for instance, who thinks I tell her everything, because I've the air of deciding nothing without consulting her. The result? An occupied mind for her and an affection for me—calm, possibly, but solid and devoted."

"Who could doubt it," cried Payzac fervently, diligently blowing smoke rings above his head. "But then, as I said, baron, everything succeeds with you. Your Viroflay combination is simply a masterpiece, which, by the way, reminds me, Silber, that I've a favor to ask of you." And the needy parasite, judging the ground well prepared, came to the true object of his visit.

* * * * * *

A fortnight later the baron and baronne were again finishing breakfast in the little breakfast room where we met them first and where, now as then, the baron had just come in from a night at his stables.

"Haven't you lost something, Karl?" demanded the baronne suddenly, at the same time drawing from her pocket a railroad pass.

"Parbleu! yes," said the baron, "and a hunt I had for it, too, last night. Where did you find it, love?"

Before the baronne could answer, the door opened and a servant entered, bearing a card on a salver.

"Ah, Guerin!" said Karl. "May he come in here, dearest? A personage so potent should be treated like a family friend."

And, madame consenting, the world famed detective was ushered in. Freshly shaven, sedately dressed, monocle in eye and portfolio in hand, he looked like the head clerk of a legal firm and beamed upon his employers with the satisfied air of a bearer of good news.

"Well, monsieur," said the baronne, in fine humor herself, "have you discovered anything?"

"Everything, madame," Guerin returned calmly, depositing his portfolio on the table. "A curious story it is, too, and with a woman in it, of course, as I thought from the start."

"Perhaps, then," said the baron, with a meaning look at his wife, "you would desire, monsieur, to be alone with me awhile?"

But Guerin, priding himself upon his skill as a raconteur and preferring two auditors to one, made signs that he could gloss over things when necessary and plunged into his story.

"The truth is, baron," said he after a little thought, "we never have had a case that gave us so much trouble as this. Usually we have to trail people who, suspecting nothing, take no precautions. Here, on the contrary, all were under cover. It took us nearly a week to learn that Wilhelm, the bookmaker of the Rue Vivienne, had a lady love, and to find out who she was took us longer still, as Wilhelm visits her very irregularly. She is a foreigner—a Polish girl—who lives a secluded life in a little gem of a house in the vicinity of La Muette"——

"The vicinity of La Muette!" mechanically repeated the baron, going red and white by turns. "La Muette—the little wretch!"

"Yes," said Guerin, though not comprehending, "but what will interest you most of all is that Wanda—the Polish girl's name, you know—on certain evenings receives another visitor, and that he—this visitor—comes from your Viroflay stables. You see the mouse in the cheese, do you not, baron?" and Guerin smiled significantly.

"The little wretch!" cried Silber again, starting up in his chair.

"Exactly," said Guerin carelessly, "but you would see more than one of the same kind, baron, were you a week in my place. Well, it is she—this Wanda—who sells to Wilhelm—for a round sum of course—the secrets of your stable, by which every one profits but you, baron. Nothing remains to be done now but to learn the name of this man who gives this girl the information that she in turn imparts to the bookmaker"——

"Ah!" said Silber, with sudden vivacity, "you do not know his name then"——

"And nothing is done after all then, monsieur," chimed in the baronne, with resentful surprise.

"On the contrary, everything is done, madame," firmly declared Guerin, pouring his demitasse of brandy into his coffee cup, and draining it at a gulp, "everything, I repeat, because you do not know my agent, Coutourier. This is the way it happened, you see"——

"But we don't—we don't see, Guerin, or want to see either!" Silber cried recklessly. "We see too much already—more than is necessary."

"On the contrary, M. Guerin," Marguerite protested sweetly, "your story is most interesting; proceed if you please."

"Then, as I said," continued Guerin, "it happened in this way. They go to bed very early at Viroflay, and last night—other nights also—when all were asleep, a man slipped out of there with great precautions, went to the station, took a train for Paris and reached the La Muette house about 11 p. m. Two hours later he came out again, took a fiacre, and was driven back to Viroflay, where his absence had been noticed by no one."

"The name of this man—you do not know it, you say?" demanded the baronne, becoming thoughtful.

"Not yet, madame. But"——

"Pooh!" said Silber, "it must have been my trainer, Hawkins. He's a great hand for girls, and the only man at Viroflay rich enough to have a nest in the Muette quarter."

"And has Hawkins a railroad pass, do you know, baron, as this man last night had?" Guerin pursued eagerly.

"A pass? You are sure he had a pass, monsieur?" cried Marguerite, considering intently the great red face of her husband suddenly beaded with perspiration.

"Absolutely, for Coutourier shadowed him all the way from Viroflay, trying to see his face, which he kept concealed, and heard him tell the St. Lazare officials that he had somehow misplaced it. With a detail like that to work on, it won't take long to nab the fel"——

"M. Guerin," interrupted the baronne with sparkling eyes, "no—go no further. We know all we need to know; we shall do the rest. Decidedly, with your assistance one can learn anything!"

"It is my trade, madame," replied Guerin modestly, "but if madame likes and has time to spare there are other details of this business that it would amuse madame greatly to hear."

"Go on—I am not at all hurried. Give us the details, monsieur," and Mme. Silber smiled invitingly, with her eyes fixed always on the baron's face with an indefinable gaze. Proud of his success and warmed by his demitasse of eau de vie, Guerin settled back in his chair and crossed his legs comfortably.

"Two words, madame," said he, "and the milk of the cocoanut is yours. That Viroflay personage, first befooled by the bookmaker and the bookmaker's lady love, is a second time befooled by his—would you guess it?—by his wife, who has a lover."

Guerin paused for the laugh that did not come.

Silber and his wife were evidently indisposed to hilarity. White as the cloth her fingers drummed on, the baronne bit her lips and gazed straight before her, and Karl, with an effort to pull himself together, called tremulously for the brandy.

"Wanda, I must tell you," continued Guerin, "for my agent watched her house, too—Wanda, of course, numbers among her other friends a certain M. Rene de Payzac"——

The Silbers started, each in a different way.

"De Payzac! He makes three, then," the baron gasped out, losing all vestige of self command.

"Oh, no, not at least as you mean, baron. Payzac is merely an old friend of Wanda's, who limits himself now to replenishing his pockets through his one time idol. Courtier overhead them one night in the garden and learned the whole story. He wanted 40 louis, and she wouldn't give them to him, and he threatened if she didn't to tell her 'friend' how she sold to the bookmaker the secrets of his stable. 'Tell him if you dare,' says she, 'and I will in turn tell him with whom his wife spends her evenings when they believe him safely engaged with his horses.'"

Guerin broke off to laugh heartily. But still no one imitated him, and vexed at this lack of interest in his amusing "details" he rose, took his hat and began a cool adieu. He was tired of talking thus to the walls.

"What do we owe you, sir?" said Silber stiffly. "It is useless to trouble you to call here again. We'll drop this business where it stands."

"A thousand francs, baron," replied the chief of the Guerin agency, "but the names of the Viroflay unknown—you still lack that."

"We do not need it, sir," growled Silber, "and a thousand francs, Guerin! You're wrong; you can't be serious! You'll surely make a reduction?"

Guerin did not at once reply. He was carefully selecting a cigar from the box before him. This done, he raised his eyes, fixed them upon the discomfited couple and read the situation.

"No," said he, firmly, "1,000 francs, baron, just as I said. And if you haven't the worth of your money at that, you are indeed hard to please!"

Whereupon Guerin, the bill buttoned safe in his pocket, smilingly bowed himself out, leaving the baron, the baronne and, unluckily for himself, De Payzac, who chanced in at the moment to explain things, at their ease.—Translated For San Francisco Argonaut From the French of Leon de Tinseau by R. C. Waggener.

The Glove In History.

The glove has served many purposes, such as the award of honor, token of love, payment of service and gift of gratitude. It was once also the signal of mercy, the dropping of the royal glove before a culprit under punishment securing instantaneous release, and from early times it has also served as a challenge to deadly combat. The habit of presenting gloves was kept up even unto Puritan times, and finally grew into such an extravagance that the legislature of Massachusetts took the matter up and forbade the lavish glove giving under a penalty of £20 fine. The glove has served an important part in the world's history, and many interesting facts concerning its history could be recounted if space permitted.—Washington Star.

China's Postal System.

The Chinese have no governmental postal system, and letters are transported by means of so called "letter shops." These are somewhat like our express business, as packages are also sent, and both letters and packages are insured and registered, and charges are in proportion to the distance to be carried. There are said to be nearly 200 of these letter shops in Shanghai alone, which send out employees to work up custom. Foreign letters are conveyed from China to other countries by the postal systems of the latter, consuls being considered as postmasters for their own countries.—Public Opinion.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. July Term A. D. 1893. Albert Nelson vs. Annie Nelson. In Chancery. No. 118,437.

Notice is hereby given to the said Annie Nelson that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court, on the Chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1893, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

FRANK J. GAULTER, Clerk.
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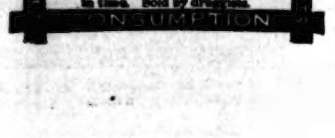

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The Conductor's Large Acquaintance.

"When I was out in Chicago at the opening of the World's fair," said a friend of mine, "I had occasion to make a call on some old acquaintances on the West Side. The streets in that portion of the city had many of them the baptismal names of women, and as I lived there at one time the calling of them by the car conductor sounded familiar to me, although it seemed to puzzle an old countryman on board, who was doubtless visiting Chicago for the first time. There were a number of ladies among the passengers, and as the conductor called out 'Elizabeth' the car stopped, and one of them got off. A few squares farther and there was the call 'Ada,' followed by a stop and the exit of another lady.

"The old countryman began to look interested, and when the next call came, 'May,' and he saw a lady gather up her bundles and walk down the aisle, he had a puzzed air. In quick succession there came 'Pauline,' 'Roberta' and 'Augusta,' followed by the departure of a passenger. The old man could not stand it any longer. His eyes bulged out, and making a rush for the platform he said in a stage whisper to the conductor, 'Great snakes, mister, do you know the names of all the women folks in this big town?'

"He had been under the impression that each woman who left the car answered to the name that was called out."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Interesting People.

"What makes a person interesting?" It cannot be intellectual brilliancy, for we have all known men whose minds were stored with the best thought of the world, yet wholly failed to interest us; women whose brains were developed by the widest culture, yet were unable to appear other than dry as dust catalogues of knowledge. Think of the people who interest you and study their qualities, and how few you find possessing just the same traits.

It is all a matter of magnetic soul currents possibly. Why not? We can hardly dispute that some human bodies convey electricity much more readily than others. In almost any gathering of a dozen persons at least one will be found who possesses this strange power, the touch of whose hand can cause a sensation like that of touching an electric battery.

Is there anything impossible in the theory that souls have their electric currents, which pass more or less freely to and fro according to the individual power as conductor? Then we have but to assume that the person who interests us is one whose soul current mingles freely with our own. This is perhaps a more satisfactory explanation than the more commonly received one of animal magnetism, a quality on a lower plane and infinitely less subtle in character.—Boston Advertiser.

Earthquake Phenomena.

The wild, untamed earthquake is a terrible thing to encounter. The "quaking," the rending of the earth's surface and the other incidental accompaniments usually described are only a tithe of the real terrors of a seismic shock. To some the noise which precedes the real shock is more terror inspiring than the "quake" itself. Father Kircher describes these subterranean rumblings as "a horrid sound resembling that of an infinite number of chariots driven fiercely forward, mingled with the noise of cracking whips, neighing of horses and the cries of victory and despair on the part of the charioteers."

The sounds which preceded the great Lisbon earthquake are said to have resembled "the rumbling of empty omnibuses, chariots and barrels, the noise increasing in volume until it equaled the roar of a thousand cannons." Another peculiarity is the gyratory motion that is frequently imparted to sections of earth of greater or lesser area. At Colares in 1755 several stone houses in the lower quarters of the city were turned completely around, this, too, without rendering them uninhabitable.—St. Louis Republic.

Where Frank R. Stockton Lives.

Follow the Morristown road, past one country seat after another, for a quarter of a mile, and you come to Kitchell avenue. You are in Morristown now, but in reality nearer Madison. Turn to the left, and the first place you come to is surrounded by a low stone wall. Through iron gates a graveled roadway leisurely turns, and passing beneath huge evergreens reaches a yellow and white frame house, with a veranda in front and a tower at the farther end. Opposite the doorway, beneath the great trees, is a rustic seat and a rustic table.

Between two of the trees is swung a hammock, and in pleasant weather Frank R. Stockton lies in the hammock dictating his fanciful tales to his wife, who sits on the rustic settee. It is an ideal home for an author, situated upon an eminence commanding miles of country, removed from the main road and surrounded by a grove.—Newark Advertiser.

A New Crater In the Moon.

In a bulletin of the Astronomical society of the Pacific Professor Weinek, director of the observatory of Prague, who is a specialist in the study of the moon and to whom have been sent copies of the Lick negatives of the moon, has discovered in one of the Lick photographs a crater which is not to be found on Schmidt's map. This object, which is estimated to be about a quarter of a mile in diameter, is of sufficient size to have been seen by Schmidt, and it is difficult to imagine that the distinguished selenographer overlooked it.

Quick Action.

"Centerline sent a story to a magazine the other day and got back a queer reply. They said the story 'lacked rapidity in movement.'"

"Well, where's the queerness of that?"

"You see, he sent the MS. one day and got it back the next, and he considered that pretty rapid movement."—Kate Field's Washington.

Championed by a Gamin.

A ragged, barefooted boy, a crossing sweeper, had doffed his cap to the Duchess of Sutherland in the hope of recognition, when he observed a well dressed but rakish looking man following her across the street, as if trying to force upon her attentions that were evidently obnoxious to her. There was a look of distress on the duchess' face.

"Scuse me, lady," said a boy's voice beside her, "shall I punch 'is 'ead?"

She turned, looked down angrily upon the little sweeper, and then said, smiling:

"Why, it's Jemmie!"

She had remembered his name after all, and at that moment the boy was hers, body and soul. Without waiting for another word he dashed off and turned a sort of violent "cartwheel" so adroitly calculated that he landed with two very muddy feet in the middle of the offensive man's waistcoat.

Then, before the man could recover from the shock, the boy had slapped him with one muddy hand across the mouth and with the other had deposited a handful of the filthy compound on the back of his neck.

The next moment the boy was in the grasp of a policeman, who dragged him away to the nearest police station. He was just being charged by the constable with having committed an assault when the duchess entered. She spoke kindly to the gamin and then explained the affair to the inspector on duty.

At her request the boy was set at liberty, and he staid only long enough to say to the inspector:

"It's the lady what nursed me when the cab run over me leg."—London Cor. New York Tribune.

Hints About Driving.

When driving, you must watch the road. Turn out for stones, so that the horse shall not stumble nor the wheels jolt over them; avoid the mudholes and places where the going is bad; let the horse slacken speed when the road becomes heavy, and if you want to make up time do it where the ground slightly descends.

It is a common mistake to think that a horse can haul a carriage easily on the level. On such a road he has to be pulling every moment; there is no rest. Whereas when the road now rises and now falls the weight is taken off him at times, and he has a chance to recover his wind and to rest his muscles. As between a level road in a valley and an up and down road over the hills, the latter is by far the easier for a horse to travel. When you come to a long level stretch, let your horse walk a bit in the middle of it.

Almost everybody knows that for the first few miles after coming out of the stable a horse should be driven slowly, and especially if he has just been fed. On a journey it is of the utmost importance to observe this rule. Be careful, however, not to check a young nag too quickly when he comes fresh out of the stable. Give him his head, talk to him soothingly, and presently he will come down to a moderate pace. If you pull him up at once, you vex him extremely, so much so that he is not unlikely to kick.—Harper's Young People.

When Booth Saved Young Lincoln's Life.

It was at Bowling Green, Ky., during the summer of 1877. Edwin Booth stood upon a platform waiting for a train; so, too, did a man unknown to the actor. Buried in thought, this stranger left the platform to walk upon the track, not noticing an approaching engine. One moment more and there would have been an indistinguishable corpse. Silently, suddenly, Edwin Booth seized this stranger and lifted him almost bodily upon the platform. So close came the engine that it struck the stranger's heels as they left the track. "Do you know who that man is?" asked Mr. Ford, the well known manager of Baltimore, who witnessed the thrilling scene.

"No," replied Booth.

"Robert Lincoln, President Lincoln's son."

This was the most satisfactory incident in Edwin Booth's life. Sensitive as a woman, he suffered untold tortures for the mad deed of his brother. He had voted for Abraham Lincoln as president and never voted before or after.—Kate Field's Washington.

Materialism Against Wit.

Some things of course in the French display—especially of pottery and bronzes—are purely decorative, and some of the visitors of course are destitute of taste. The consequence is that occasionally a person will come along who will gaze at objects of transcendent artistic merit with no feeling but one of mystery and curiosity. So it happened the other day, when a simple minded woman stopped for awhile in front of one of a pair of vases 5 feet high, the price of which is $5,000.

She gazed at it attentively for a few moments and then said dryly to M. Melaile, who stood by, "Pray, what is that for?"

The Frenchman took her measure at a glance and replied with elaborate politeness, "That is intended to boil eggs in, madam."—Chicago Tribune.

Making the Most of His Chances.

The family tutor was invited to a grand dinner party by his employers and surveyed with intense satisfaction the half dozen wineglasses arranged in front of his plate. The footman came round with the wine. The young man presented the smallest of the glasses.

"It is vin ordinaire," observed the waiter.

"Ah, precisely," replied our ascetic philosopher. "I am reserving the larger glasses for the finer sorts."—Chronique Bourgeoise.

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Jimson—Great snakes! With that carload of freight?

Billson—Those boxes contain books, the latest and most complete compendiums of the game laws of the state. I don't want to shoot anything out of season.—New York Weekly.

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County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 466 Thirty fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; J J Adamson, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hore, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Corcoran, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Fortner st; Michael Punch, V-P; E P Reilly, R S, 577 Henry st; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 47th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—M A Concannon, Pres, 41 Wendel st; M A Doyle, V P; D J Mooney, R S, 117 E Erie st; P J O Sullivan, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday of each month at corner Clark and Michigan sts at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 1000 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagan, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday [illegible] Mcob's hall 4420 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 520 W Erie st; J F Walsh, V P; Jos Lamb, Rec Sec, 520 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec, R J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Morisrity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 426 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Derrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Michael S Finnegan, Pres; L Henely, V-P; P B Flanagan, R S, 3623 Fifth av; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Morelend, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—Jas Thowas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty seventh-st; M T Kennedy, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh av; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Tuner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; Jno Waters, F S; Peter Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Eberle's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—Jas Berwin, Pres, 3514 Atlantic-st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Westworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Doran, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos J Fitzpatrick, Pres, 2717 Wentworth av; Thos Kelley, V P; James Gannon, R S, 3736 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6635 Stoney Island av; J J [illegible]easly, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Wendawa-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C Molnensey, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 23 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 431 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 609 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. B. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, Kilburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Brocken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo U Shaw, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, R. 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 132 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 32 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R 262 Hubbard st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Carpenters and Union sts.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Frances McEneany, Rec Sec, 720 Illinois st; P M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twomey, Rec Sec, 248 Larkin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake C R, 1425 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn-st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan H Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 Archer st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Keller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Boyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2058 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; D John R M Namara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queaiy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av; Frank O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 354 W Huron st; J S O'Halloran, Fin Sec; T. Foley, Treas; Dr P B Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 538 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Mimogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, ass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, R. 228 Fifty-fourth st; John Scott Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas; Dr J A Heusteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J C Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale, Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 23 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Tuesday at 1056 Lasalle st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2301 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 26th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Dorsey, 925 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western ave.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 409 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 198 Hine Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 154 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 18th st; R S Julius Esler, 636 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Naibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 21 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 488 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western ave.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 192 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, P C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3509 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2333 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 268 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 45—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 382 E Division st; F S, M J Lyne; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2033 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Fiana. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No 32—Men's size, open face Waltham or Elgin, $12.00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14.35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $35.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pin on, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 30 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the largest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $ 2.10.

No. 39, Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. This watch contains the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch, whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold and much stronger. The manufac

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Being the 295th Anniversary of Hugh O'Neill's Great Victory Over the English at the Yellow Ford! and the Seventeenth Annual Celebration of that Glorious Battle in Chicago.

WILLIAM H. JOYCE will preside at the afternoon meeting, and the speakers will be the HON. T. B. MINIHAN, of Omaha, Neb., and M. P. BRADY, of Chicago.

M. J. KEANE will preside at the evening meeting, and the speakers will be the HON. JOHN E. FITZGERALD, of Boston, Mass., and JOHN F. FINERTY, of Chicago.

The speakers will be escorted to the grounds from McCoy's Hotel by the Hibernian Rifles (7th Regiment I. N. G.), the Clan-na-Gael Guards, Companies A and B; the Robert Emmet Guards and the Gaelic Athletic clubs.

In the evening there will be a Grand Display of Fireworks, in which many novel and interesting features will be presented, including a spirited representation of the Irish Houses of Parliament and other historic pictures.

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Bohemian Rye Flour, per brl	$3.49

H. R. EAGLE & CO. 196 BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Dr. Price's Baking Powder.

Dime cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	6 cents, dozen cans .60
½-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	7 cents, dozen cans .80
6-oz cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	10 cents, dozen cans $1.20
8-oz cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	14 cents, dozen cans $1.65
12-oz cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	19 cents, dozen cans $2.25
1-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	29 cents, dozen cans $3.40
2½-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	69 cents, dozen cans $7.75
4-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	90 cents, dozen cans $10.50
5-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	$1.25, dozen cans $14.00
10-lb cans Price's Baking Powder, per can	$2.90, dozen cans $30.00

TO RETAIL GROCERS.

We will sell Granulated Sugar in 100-lb bags or brls. of about 340 lbs at $5.40 per hundred. Terms, spot cash; you to cart it from our store. During these hard times ready cash enables us to buy many items at much less than market prices. We have at present about 100,000 cans of Dr. Price's Baking Powder that we will sell you at 50 per cent less than you can buy it from anyone else. We would not offer it at such a low price, but the quantity is greater than we can dispose of to consumers, and make this inducement to grocers, hotelkeepers and restaurants.

Hard Time Prices.

California Sugar-Cured Hams, per lb	10 cts
Lard Compound, in 3, 5 and 10 lb pails, per lb	9 cts
Best Pure Lard, in 3, 5 and 10 lb pails, per lb	10 cts
2-lb cans Best Corned Beef, per can	14 cts
Condensed Milk, per can	5 cts
Bixby's Royal Polish for Ladies' shoes	6 cts
15-cent pkgs Aunt Jemima Flour	5 cts
1-lb packages Best Corn Starch	4 cts
Best quality Chloride of Lime, per can	2 cts
15-cent bottles Parlor Pride Stove Enamel	4 cts
5-gallon kegs Fine Table Sirup for	$1.19
3-gallon pails Fine Table Sirup for	59 cts
20-lb pails Pure Fruit Jelly for	39 cts
2-lb cans Miami Corn, per can	5 cts
Per dozen	50 cts
2-lb cans Lincoln Sugar Corn, per can	6½ cts
Per dozen	75 cts
2-lb cans Ohio Sweet Corn, per can	7½ cts
Per dozen	89 cts
2-lb cans Eagle Sweet Corn, per can	8 cts
Per dozen	92 cts
2-lb cans New York Fancy Sweet Corn, per can	9 cts
Per dozen	98 cts
3-lb cans Table Peaches, per can	9 cts
Per dozen	$1.05
3-lb cans California Egg Plums, per can	10 cts
Per dozen	$1.20
3-lb cans California Green Gages, per can	10 cts
Per dozen	$1.20
3-lb cans California Washington Plums, per can	10 cts
Per dozen	$1.20
3-lb cans Baltimore Yellow Table Peaches, per can	10 cts
Per dozen	$1.20
3-lb cans California Lemon Cling Peaches, per can	15 cts
Per dozen	$1.69
2-lb cans Corned Beef, per can	14 cts
Per dozen	$1.65
2-lb cans Table Blackberries, per can	5 cts
Per dozen	50 cts
2-lb cans Marrowfat Peas, per can	7 cts
Per dozen	79 cts
3-lb cans Baked Beans, per can	13 cts
Per dozen	$1.40
2-lb cans New String Beans, per can	8 cts
Per dozen	75 cts
Monroe Concentrated Cream, per can	12½ cts
Per dozen	$1.35
Evaporated Apples, per lb	6 cts
New Turkish Prunes, per lb	6 cts
After Dinner Java Coffee, per lb	25 cts
6 lbs Moyune Young Hyson Tea for	$1.19
Basket-Fired Japan Tea, per lb	25 cts
Fancy New Crop Uncolored Japan Tea, per lb	35 cts
Fancy Moyune Gunpowder Tea, per lb	35 cts
Fancy Formosa Oolong Tea, per lb	35 cts

SOAP.

40 bars Cincinnati Laundry Soap, (this soap is 2 years old and hard and dry)	$1.00
25 bars Eagle Standard Soap for	$1.00
25 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	$1.00
17 large bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	$1.00
A 6-lb box Best Laundry Starch for	35 cts
1-gal bottle Pure Indigo Bluing for	20 cts

MASON'S FRUIT JARS.

Pints, each	4 cts
Per dozen	39 cts
Quarts, each	6 cts
Per dozen	69 cts
Half-Gallons, each	7 cts
Per dozen	84 cts
Extra Covers, per doz	19 cts
Extra Rubbers, per doz	7 cts
Jelly Tumblers, per doz	30 cts

PORCELAIN LINED PRESERVING KETTLES.

	Price.
2-quart	19 cts
3-quart	20 cts
4-quart	25 cts
5-quart	27 cts
6-quart	35 cts
8-quart	43 cts
10-quart	55 cts

Arcade Coffee Mills	19 cts
Bronze Top Coffee Mills	43 cts
Strong Mexican Scrub Brush	3 cts
40-foot Clothes Line	5 cts
Biscuit Pans, 12 holes	6 cts
Biscuit Pans, 9 holes	5 cts
Biscuit Pans, 8 holes	4 cts
Biscuit Pans, 6 holes	3 cts
Granite Tea Kettle, No. 8	$1.20
Heavy Wire Dish Drainer	8 cts
Sink Brushes	2 cts
World's Fair Lawn Settees	89 cts
No. 10 Novelty Wringers	$1.89
8-quart Dish Pans	12 cts
10-quart Dish Pans	14 cts
4-quart Retinned Sauce Pans	12 cts
5-quart Retinned Sauce Pans	15 cts
Tea Strainer	2 cts
Copper Bottom Wash Boiler, No. 8	61 cts
Cottage Cuspidor	8 cts
Daisy Lemon Squeezers	15 cts
Steak Pounders	10 cts
5-foot Step Ladder	89 cts
Dover Egg Beaters	9 cts
12-inch Granite Wash Basin	29 cts
1-quart Coffee Pots	8 cts
All Copper Tea Kettles, No. 8	75 cts
10-quart Slop Pails	33 cts
3-quart Tin Tea Kettle	15 cts
Mrs. Pott's Sad Irons	75 cts
Wire Cross Toasters	3 cts

Magic Spark Cigars, 50 in box, for	39 cts
Per 1,000	$7.00
Plow Boy, Navy, Sweet Tip Top and Yum Yum, per lb	29 cts

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Men's Tan Russia Calf Blucher Congress	$1.75
Women's Finest Paris Kid Patent Tip Oxfords, all sizes and widths	75 cts
Boys' Vacation Shoes, sizes 3, 4, 5	75 cts
Misses' Fine Kid Tipped (spring heels), 12 to 2	75 cts
Children's, same style, sizes 8 to 11	59 cts
A lot of Children's Oxford Ties, black and russet, sizes 8, 9, 10, 11; regular 75c goods	40 cts

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Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

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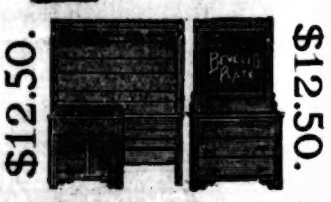

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ESTATE OF ANDREW J. TURNER, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of Andrew J. Turner, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of September, A. D. 1893, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, July 31, 1893.

GEORGE B. HENNESSY, Administrator.

William J. Cary, Attorney.